THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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FAIR HIBERNIANS.

An Interesting Reunion and Banquet of the Ladies' Auxiliary Organizations Held at Lemont, Ill.

Brilliant Addresses by Father O'Sullivan, Mrs. Beckman, Miss Harkins, Miss Morrissy and Others.

That the cause for which Lord Edward died and Sarsfield nobly bled is not dead in the hearts of our people, was well demonstrated by the patriotic Irish women of Lemont, Ill. On Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, the Ladies' Auxiliary, A. O. H., Div. 22, gave a banquet in honor of one of their members, who was elected state treasurer of that organization at the recent convention held in Joliet.

Mrs. Beckman, a true daughter of Erin, was the lady chosen, and the convention will never regret the choice, for she represents the highest type of Irish-American womanhood. A lady of rare business abilities and sterling integrity, she is also a woman of splendid judgment, and faithful to every trust.

Among the guests were County President Henely, of Chicago; County President Quinn, of Joliet; Mrs. J. T. Quinn, state president of Ladies' Auxiliary.

At 10 o'clock the company filed into the banquet room, led by the Rev. M. O'Sullivan, who acted as toastmaster at the request of Miss Harkins, the president of the division. After partaking of the bountiful spread, the following programme was rendered:

Opening Address....Rev. M. O'Sullivan
Our State Treasurer....Mrs. Beckman
Recitation................Denis Foley
Our Visiting Friends......J. F. Quinn
Recitation................Miss S. Kane
Our State President...Mrs. J. F. Quinn
Song, "God Save Ireland"
....................Ladies' Auxiliary
Lemont........................Mr. Goode
Recitation................Mrs. Beckman
Essay.................Miss M. Morrisey
The Ladies' Auxiliary....Miss Harkins
Lady Foresters............Mrs. Dennie
Div. 22, A. O. H..........D. B. Morphy
Closing Ode, "Columbia"

It is impossible with the space at our disposal, to give more than a mere out[illegible] banquet and [illegible]ing addresses delivered on the occasion.

Rev. Father O'Sullivan was, as usual, in excellent trim, and did the honors for Lemont in a most enjoyable and instructive manner. He dwelt upon the power of woman for good, and paid high tribute to the aims and purposes of the Ladies' Auxiliary organization.

Mrs. Augusta Beckman, the state treasurer of the Auxiliary, followed in an admirable address. She returned thanks gratefully for the reception accorded her, and for her selection as state treasurer—an honor which she hoped they would never regret having bestowed upon her. (Applause). She thought the men were at fault in having so long debarred the ladies from the pleasure of fostering the cause of Hibernianism, but now that the women had, at last, a fair chance, the men would have to look out for their laurels. She thought that the Lemont division of the auxiliary had held its own and would continue to do so. Other divisions, such as that of Joliet, were larger, but it should be remembered they had a larger country to work in. Besides they had the advantage of them by a couple years seniority, but she had no doubt the ladies of Lemont would make up for lost time. She concluded, amid applause, thus:

There is no need of any of us being ashamed of the land of our forefathers. If we are bound to love and honor them then, in my estimation, we ought to honor the land of their birth. Thank God, we all, at least the majority here tonight, are sons and daughters of America, the land of the free, and the noblest land the sun shines on. The Stars and Stripes is the flag we love to honor, and next should come the dear old emerald banner. We love the Stars and Stripes because it is the flag that sets us free, and which was dearly bought by many a drop of blood shed on the fields of the United States, and shed too by the same power whose sword has, time and time again, drawn from Ireland's fathers and sons their heart's blood. We love the dear old emerald banner in honor of those who have come and gone before us—who have lived and died for their country and their faith, and whose ashes now quietly repose in that oppressed, downtrodden little isle far over the sea. I wish to say in conclusion, that I hope our last convention, which was also our first, was not the first to be the last. I hope it was the first of the many that are to come, and that each succeeding one may prove more fruitful than the first. I sincerely hope, when the final convention shall be called, and those of us who were at the first shall have passed away and our voices hushed for ever more, that those who fill our vacated chairs may find, when turning over the pages of our history, our lives to be such that they may say of us in the language of the poet:

"Their words shall live and be
Repeated o'er and o'er,
Till earth shall spin her final round,
And time shall be no more."

Miss Harkins, in replying to the toast of "The Ladies' Auxiliary," said:

Let us hope that in a short time, and in our day, a United Ireland, aided by the friends of liberty everywhere, will obtain from the British nation home rule, that measure of justice for which she has so long and so valiantly contended. To hasten that day let us each and all do what we can in our sphere to encourage everything good that is Irish. Let us study and spread Irish literature, and say a good word for everyone who does a kindness to Ireland and its people. I need hardly recommend this, for we are not an ungrateful people. And when home rule becomes an accomplished fact, as it soon will, let us not forget that the Irish women, as well as the Irish men, the credit will be due, for in every emergency of our people, from the Siege of Limerick to the present day, the Irish women have been in the forefront of battle contending for everything good, and I trust they will always be found so and contending so.

And, my friends, when the people of Ireland shall establish on Irish soil a parliament of their own, they will not forget the struggles of the past nor the friends that stood by them. That patriot band of Protestant heroes, of whom Grattan and Flood, the Shearses, the Russells and the Emmets are bright examples, will not be forgotten. Nor will that good old church—the Irish Catholic church—that stood by the cause of the people during 700 years of gloom and suffering and death, be forgotten. She, too, will share in the triumph, and the people of Ireland, of whatever race or of whatever creed, will ask and demand that the old church—the church of our fathers—shall participate in the jubilee of freedom. When that blessed day dawns the objects of our society will have been accomplished.

Miss Mary Morrissy's essay was listened to with close attention, and was frequently applauded. We are enabled to give only some extracts from it, thus:

Attention to the little things of business is an element of effectiveness with which no reach of plan, no loftiness of design, no enthusiasm of purpose can dispense. There are plenty of people who are ready to talk about and even attempt to perform some big thing, some huge, glorious, magnificent enterprise, but when they come right down to the practical details of the undertaking they are disgusted with everything that looks like drudgery and so turn away. How different was the illustrious Michael Angelo. One day, in his studio, he was explaining to a visitor what he had been doing at his statue since his previous visit. I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to this lip and more energy to that limb. "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make prefection, and prefection [illegible]"

Sedulous attention and painstaking industry always mark the true and successful worker. Dr. Johnson defined genius to be "a mind of large general power, determined in a particular direction." And the same old doctor once remarked to a fine gentleman who had just returned from Italy, that some men would see and learn more in an ordinary stage-ride than others would in making the tour of Europe. If we but read the lives or history of all great men we will readily see that, first of all, they never overlooked trifles, but, on the other hand, paid the greatest attention to them.

Our own Washington was as particular as Wellington in matters of business, and did not disdain to scrutinize the smallest outgoings of his household, even when holding the high office of President. So we see that the success of all great men was due to the observance of little things, and how important they are in all our undertakings. The comparative importance of great and little things, and their mutual reaction upon each other, is well set forth in the following verses by Charles Mackey:

A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea.
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
To breathe his early vows,
And age was pleased in heats of noon
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil may drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

Who Shot Lord Nelson?

M. Jules Claretie, in his weekly contribution to the leading evening paper of Paris, says a correspondent, referring to the Trafalgar commemoration, discusses the question: "Who Shot Nelson?" It has generally been stated in France that the great admiral was hit by a Provencal topman, who then descended on deck shouting, in his patois: "Ai tua, Ai tua, Nelson." M. Jules Claretie, however, has unearthed the "Memoires de Robert Guillemard, sergeant en retraite," a little known book. In this he found a full description of Nelson's death, written by Guillemard, the very man who fired the fatal shot which laid low the British hero. Guillemard was in one of the tops of the Redoubtable, surrounded by dead and dying men. Suddenly he saw a one-armed officer, whose breast was covered with decorations, on the quarter-deck of the English ship Victory, and he fired at him, not knowing that he was the admiral. Observing great commotion on board the Victory, Guillemard left his post and told his commander what he had done and seen. This Guillemard was a native of the district near Toulon, and obtained no special distinction for his act, but served on until promoted in due time to sergeant's rank.—Boston Herald.

THE LOWEST SCOUNDREL ON EARTH.

(Dublin Irish Independent, Nov. 24).

Scotland Yard has made a blunder. It has often committed crimes, but this time it has been stupid beyond comprehension. It has placed in the witness chair in a London police court a man called Jones, whose business it is to swear away the liberty of an unfortunate Irish-American named Ivory, passing under the name of Bell, who was arrested in Glasgow on a charge of manufacturing dynamite for illegal purposes.

Ivory, who was arrested in Glasgow in connection with the Tynan affair, has been on trial in London for the past couple of months. Time after time he has been produced in the dock, and the law officers of the English crown have left no stone unturned to put the gyves upon him. But the evidence was hardly of a character to convict, and Scotland Yard was at its wits' end. They were determined not to lose their prey, however, and, true to their traditions, they fell back as a last resort upon a method of theirs that has seldom been known to fail. But they appear to have tried it once too often, and may be hoist on their own petard. They got a spy and crown crime-manufacturer to work for them—a scoundrel named Jones. This man-trapper was placed in the witness-box in Bow street last week, and his appearance there was received with surprise. He gave evidence concerning transactions he had with alleged secret societies in America, and with the words of his own mouth proclaimed himself one of the lowest creatures that ever received blood-money from England.

On his own showing he made dynamitards, seduced men into criminal paths, laid in ambush ready to pounce out when he found a victim. He has been in Dublin, and has traveled through Ireland, drawing a salary from the government, and we suppose a commission for every man he "swore in." Massey was of faint heart; Corydon was only a spy; but this ruffian made the food he fed on. And the government employed his services to debauch honest folk. One more bullet this to be fired back at England.

The spy lived in the county Armagh until ten years ago, and after that time the wretched being admits he took ser[illegible] grade that is in the gift of the police. Accepting the terms of the secret service employers, he undertook to consort with men whom he was afterwards to betray; to take oaths he would not keep, to generally perform the duties of the man-trapper, the villain, and the sneak. He was, on his own showing, to start illegal societies "off his own hat," and then, having got his comrades within the law, to give his dupes up to justice. Some weeks ago he stayed in Dublin, and got his letters at the Wicklow hotel by arrangement with the hall porter. On the 4th or 5th inst. one of his letters fell into the hands of a a guest at the hotel, named Jones, and this annoyed him and put him out. Whether the contents of the letter showed him up or not we cannot say; but he immediately left. During his stay he was not idle. Recklessly, he attempted to carry out the work of Scotland yard, and manufacture crime. Three persons at least were asked by him to "mind" dynamite, cartridges and other things; but luckily for them they wisely had nothing to do with him. Had they accepted the offer of the sneak they would now be on their trial as dynamitards, and doubtless would experience the tortures of Portland, as many innocent victims of British police plots have done and are doing. It is fair to the Dublin police to say that they evidently had no hand in the employment of this Jones. As a matter of fact they were on the look out for him when he so suddenly appeared in the box in London. But not so Scotland Yard. Jones was their creature, their agent, provocateur, and the most significant fact is that before Jones paid his official crime-manufacturing visit to Ireland, Scotland Yard had inquired, through Dublin castle, after certain individuals whom it suspected might be ready tools. Upon every one of these people Jones waited and endeavored to ensnare them. This in itself is proof positive of the terrible designs of Scotland Yard to manufacture another dynamite scare, caring little what ruin and desolation, heartbreak and misery, followed in the wake of their terrible designs so long as they by a faked plot covered the failure of their attempts to bring Tynan and his friends into an English police court. This Jones acted well the part of another Capt. Armstrong. He invaded the sanctity of the home, and smiled as he moved along—a serpent in the grass. If the government flaunts this rogue and criminal as a hero there will be such a series of revelations as will make them rue the day they ran another Red Jim McDermott as a paying concern.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

AN HUMBLE HERO.

How Brave and Noble-Minded Joseph Poole, Accused of a Murder in Which He Bore No Part, Preferred to Die Rather than Implicate His Friends.

He Made a Speech from the Dock Which Revealed the Courage of the Spartan, and the Fidelity of a Martyr.

It has again and again been noted by Irish writers and by others who have written on Irish affairs, that the men who have taken part in the cause of Irish liberty came from all classes, and happily, also, from all creeds. But it should also be remembered that with the growth of education and the spread of the true idea of Irish nationality, each movement became more and more democratic, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that the men of the democracy began to take their places more as leaders, and less as the led. The United Irish movement owed much to the influence of the aristocracy; the movement in '48 emanated from the professional class; but Fenianism was, from the start, essentially a movement of the democracy. The bravest of its rank and file; some of the best and shrewdest of its organizers; many of its ablest leaders, and practically all of its martyrs, were drawn from the ranks of the workingmen of Ireland.

This being so, it is perhaps a fitting crown to the growth of the democracy that the last of the Fenian martys (with the exception of poor Pat Nally, who died in prison), should have been from a social point of view, the poorest and humblest of them all.

From a wordly standpoint a wide gap separates Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the scion of one of Ireland's most aristocratic families, from Joseph Poole, the poor working Dublin tailor. Yet that gap is bridged over by the love of Ireland, which animated each of them alike, by the unselfish devotion dis[illegible] cause of liberty, and by the unflinching courage with which each met his death for Ireland.

Without going into further particulars than those disclosed in the public courts during the course of the trials of thirteen or fourteen years ago, it may be mentioned that up to the early eighties there were two sections of the Fenian organization in existence, one known as the Stephenite section, on account of its nominally owing allegiance to James Stephens, and the other the Council party, which acted under the direction of the Supreme council, the body which took up the control of the I. R. B. after Stephens' arrest.

Much bitterness existed between the two sections, and it is sad to think that a dispute between Irishmen, culminating in an affray in Abbey street, Dublin, should have lost to Ireland two splendid men—Joseph Pooole, who belonged to the Stephenite section, and Christopher Dowling, who followed the council. The recollections of the Abbey street affray, in which a policeman named Cox lost his life, were recently revived by the death of poor Dowling, shortly after his release from jail, and it is therefore not necessary to dwell upon them here, further than to note that Poole, although believed to be the object of the attack on that unfortunate night, resolutely refused to give any evidence for fear he might in any degree assist the police. Poole, indeed, had been himself a constant object of police attention. He was first arrested under Forster's coercion act, and detained in prison for a considerable time. He was constantly followed and watched, and subjected to numerous petty persecutions. On one occasion, for instance, he was arrested on Earl street for "being drunk," although he was practically a teetotaller all the time, and on that particular day had not touched a single drop of intoxicating liquor in any form. He was brought to Summerhill station, carefully searched, literally kicked into a cell, and kept till morning. On another occasion he was bluntly told by a detective that they would "put a ton of clay over him before long"—a prophecy which was too truly fulfilled.

It can easily be understood that the police would not readily let go a man to whom they felt this spirit of animus. A morning came when they could no longer detain Poole in custody in connection with the Abbey street affair, but as he was leaving the court he was re-arrested on a charge of being concerned in the "murder" of a man named John Kenny in Seville place. The informer in the case, William Larnie, swore that Kenny had been charged with giving information to the government regarding the Fenian organization, of which he was a member; that he had been duly tried by members of the organization, convicted of the charge, and sentenced to death, and that his death in Seville place was the result of this. The evidence against Poole was all of an indirect and unsubstantiated character. There was nothing to show that he had any connection whatever with the killing of Kenny, but he was the last man seen in Kenny's company, and this was enough to secure his conviction in those days of white terror. The jury was, no doubt, too, largely influenced by an extraordinary statement made by the attorney-general, namely, "that the law of the land cast upon the prisoner the responsibility of disproving his connection with the affair"—a new reading of English law, which was more convenient than equitable. Poole could only have disproved his own connection with the affair by evidence which would have brought about the conviction of others. He preferred to suffer for them.

The trial of Poole concluded on Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1883. He was found guilty, and asked if he had anything to say. The trial had lasted for two long days, and it was 7 o'clock on a dark winter's evening when Poole stepped to the front of the dock and said:

"Gentlemen—You have found me guilty of the murder of John Kenny, but I say in the presence of this crowded court, in the presence of my countrymen, that it is false. I have been a member of the Irish Republican brotherhood, and I will be proud to go to the scaffold for being a member of the Irish Republican brotherhood. Our objects were not murder. Our objects were to try to rescue Ireland from the tyrannical rule she is under. The evidence that they have brought forward to convict me is simply the evidence of my brother-in-law, Larnie—a man who tried to have me murdered—a man who tried to murder others."

Poole then went closely and clearly into several points of the evidence, and added:

"I, gentlemen, did not deny being with Kenny on the 4th of July, when I was arrested. I acknowledged going home with Kenny that night, and I acknowledge leaving the place with Kenny. But, gentlemen, I am not accountable if the man was struck down at my side, which was false. I have been a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood since I was eighteen years of age, but never have I been connected with the vigilance, or any secret club belonging to it. My object was simply to wait until such time as my countrymen would be prepared to strike a blow for independence, and I intended to take a part with them. My object was not murder. I say again that it is false that I had anything to do with Kenny's death. I did not know anything about its being arranged, nor when I was parting from him did I know that Kenny would be deprived of his life on his way home. Again I declare my innocence. I believe it is on account of my being an enemy, humble as I am, of the government under which I have the misfortune to live, that I have been persecuted as I have been. Still, I am not afraid to die and not ashamed of wha[illegible] has brought me to the scaffold. It is not murder. It is being a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood that has brought me to the scaffold, and I am prepared to die."

The prisoner then turned round and looked up at the gallery.

"There is one thing more I would wish to say to my countrymen, and to some of the people I see here tonight. I am thankful to you for placing such implicit confidence in me, even knowing all the temptations I am surrounded with. I desire to thank, too, my counsel for their very able defence of me, and I am grateful to the men who so kindly subscribed for my defence. Good-bye to you all! Farewell to Ireland! Three cheers for the Irish Republic, and down with English tyranny!"

On Dec. 18, 1883, Poole was hanged in Richmond jail. He died as he lived, quietly, firmly, without the slightest sign of either bravado or cowardice; believing only that he was dying for his duty to Ireland's cause, and that his death would not be without effect.

Nor has it been without effect. The death of Poole meant, too, the death of all bitterness between the two Fenian factions in Ireland, for who could quarrel over the grave of such a man? And it has meant, too, the keeping alive of the spirit of liberty in many a Dublin man who otherwise might have tired of the never-ending struggle. Ay! and many a Dublin workshop might still echo of humble, honest, sturdy Joe Poole, the words written by Buchanan of another tailor reformer:

Ay, now the poor lad's cold,
All life seems duller;
There's a blight on young an old,
And our talk has lost the bold
Republican color.
But we see a figure gray,
And we hear a voice of death,
And the dim lamp burns all day
As we stitch and stitch away
In the thick smoke of our breath:
Ay, while in the dark sit we,
He seems to call from the dead,
"She's coming! she's coming!" says he
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

—Irish Weekly Independent.

Notable Reception to Mrs. Sheridan.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 4.—Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan, widow of the illustrious general, was accorded a notable reception at the Hotel Lafayette tonight incidental to the unveiling of John Mulvaney's picture of "Little Phil" making his famous ride. During the reception Mrs. Sheridan, her son, Philip H. Sheridan, Jr., and her father, Gen. Daniel H. Rucker, stood in front of the veiled picture. Near at hand was Gov. Hastings, his wife, and his entire uniformed staff; ex-Gov. and Mrs. Pattison, Mayor Warwick, Maj.-Gen. Snowden, and the members of his division staff in uniform, and nearly all the members of the Army and Navy Departments stationed in this vicinity. Military decorations of an elaborate character character adorned the parlors and the scene was most brilliant.

At 8:40 o'clock, to the accompaniment of music, the son of the dead warrior drew the cord which released the flags from the painting, and the work came into view, being greeted with tumultuous applause. Capt. Bingham, chairman of the reception committee, then introduced Gov. Hastings, who, after brief eulogistic remarks, in turn presented Col. A. K. McClure.

The canvas is eleven by twenty feet, and the dusty road from Winchester occupies the centre, with a figure of Sheridan on horseback the commanding feature.

THOMAS MACKIN ESTATE APPRAISED

A careful appraisal of the property of the late Thomas Mackin shows that he left an estate of the value of $1,397,593, of which $1,177,593 was in real estate, $20,000 in personal property, and over $200,000 in mortgages, which should also be included in the list of personal property. Owing to the litigation in which the state was involved for some time it was a difficult proposition to get access to the list of properties or their valuation. In order to arrive at an equitable distribution of the estate between John Mackin and Mrs. Alice Philbin, a daughter of Mr. Mackin, and who also died recently, a commission of two appraisers was appointed by the parties interested, and for this purpose Aaron M. McKay and R. S. Elder were selected. Considering the number of properties involved and the extent of the task in general they performed their work to the satisfaction of both owners. It will be recalled that a settlement was made with Mrs. Watson Ruddy, widow of Thomas Mackin, and in consideration of her relinquishing all claim to the estate she was paid $250,000. The appraisal was made in 1895, and by the division of the property and with the recent action of Mrs. Ruddy in withdrawing her suit both Mr. Mackin and Mrs. Philbin got title to the property and were able to conduct their own affairs. In addition to the real estate enumerated below there was over $200,000 invested in mortgages, which it is believed was used to pay Mrs. Ruddy. The following property was set aside by the commission as belonging to John T. Mackin, and the valuation agreed upon is set opposite the description:

Lake View avenue, southwest corner Diversey avenue, 150x200 feet, improved with stone residence, which Mr. Mackin built several years prior to his death; $180,000.

State street, southeast corner of Indiana street, 100x100 feet, improved; $60,000.

Cass street, southwest corner Indiana street, 100x100 feet, improved; $30,000.

Indiana street, Nos. 276 to 283, im[illegible]; $30,000.

[illegible]

Illinois street, Nos. 2[illegible] $40,000.

Indiana street, No. 281, improved; $11,200.

Dearborn street, Nos. 145 and 148, leasehold interest and building, 48x120 feet; $42,880.

Clark street, south, No. 330, 25x100 feet, leasehold interest and building; $2,312.

Pacific avenue, Nos. 76 to 80, 75x100 feet, leasehold interest and building; $2,687.

Thirty-seven acres near Clyde, $56,050.

One lot on Lake View avenue, near Diversey, 50x200 feet; $30,000.

Two lots on Lake View avenue, 100x200 feet; $60,000.

One lot on Lake View avenue, near Wellington, 140x160 feet; $38,500.

The following were given to Mrs. Alice Philbin, whose estate is now in probate:

The Revere House, ground and building, $160,000. Hotel furniture, $20,000. Total, $180,000.

State street, northeast corner of Indiana street, 100x100 feet, improved; $60,000.

Kinzie street, Nos. 221 to 227, 80x100 feet, improved; $64,000.

State street, southwest corner Kinzie, 40x160 feet, improved; $45,000.

Illinois street, Nos. 209 and 211, 55x100 feet, improved; $22,000.

State street, south, Nos. 138 to 144, leasehold interest and four-story building; $133,900.

Lots 83 and 84 in Lake View avenue, near Diversey, 100x200 feet; $60,000.

Six lots in South Halsted street, at two places; $9,000.

Two lots in Watertown, Wis., $100.

Farm of 100 acres near Buffalo, N. Y.; $1,200.

Taylor street, west, No. 111, 24x110 feet; improved; $9,100.

The real estate included in this last list amounts to $594,300. To balance with the total of $603,629 given to Mr. Mackin, $9,664 in money was given to Mrs. Philbin.—The Economist.

The Popular Scenic Route

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269 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

NATIONAL WISE MEN.

TIME CALLED IN CONGRESS FOR THE SHORT SESSION.

Crowded Galleries and Much Activity on the Opening Day—President Cleveland's Last Annual Message Read in Both Houses—Scenes and Incidents.

Washington, Dec. 8. — The United States senate began the second session of the Fifty-fourth congress with crowded galleries and with that accompaniment of activity and of greeting that usually attends the re-assembling of congress. But the upper branch of congress never puts aside its dignity, and the meeting developed no demonstrations or dramatic incidents. The reading of the president's message was the feature of the proceedings, and beyond this no attempt was made to enter upon the business of the session. To many of the foreign representatives occuping the diplomatic gallery the message had special interest and significance, owing to the part they had taken in the conspicuous foreign events to which the president referred. On the floor of the senate there was scant attention after the reading had proceeded beyond the first half hour. The reading of the message covered one hour and fifty minutes, and at its conclusion the senate adjourned.

While the scenes attending the opening of the house were both brilliant and interesting in the crowds that thronged the galleries and the conspicuous personages present, the proceedings themselves were dull and spiritless, being distinctively routine. The house met, the chaplain invoked the divine blessing on the work of the session, the roll was called, a committee consisting of Cannon of Illinois, Payne of New York, and Turner of Georgia, was appointed to wait on the president and the latter's annual communication was read. The holiday nature of the day was saddened by the announcement of the death of ex-Speaker Crisp, which Turner of Georgia forcibly made to his associates. Out of respect to the memory of the distinguished Georgian the house, after adopting appropriate resolutions, immediately adjourned.

CLEVELAND'S FINAL MESSAGE.

Opposes Action in the Cuban Case and Defends the Wilson Bill.

Washington, Dec. 8.—With crowded galleries the senators and representatives of the United States came to order today at noon for the last session of the Fifty-fourth congress. In the senate there was but one order of business—the reading of the president's message, which took nearly two hours. At its conclusion the senate adjourned. In the house the message was also read and the death of ex-Speaker Crisp was announced and a resolution of regret was adopted, after which the house also adjourned.

The president's message begins with felicitating the country on the fact that a very exciting election has passed peacefully, clearly demonstrating the permanence of our institutions. [illegible] then explores [illegible] Turkish [illegible] followed by a hope to butcher [illegible] Christians, but hopes for better things in that regard and says the claims of Americans who have been despoiled by Moslems will be pushed, although the porte has not admitted their justice.

With reference to Cuba he says the rebels have not the shadow of a civil government, and that the fact probably is that they never have had except on paper; that as things stand now the proper position, in honor, of the United States, is one of strict neutrality, but intimates that a time may come when in the highest interests of humanity the United States should intervene. He has offered that if Spain would grant reforms before the rebels lay down their arms to make an effort to guarantee their acceptance as a finish of the war. In passing he utters the Monroe doctrine sentiment that no other government must interfere in the matter.

He devotes a large portion of his message to the defense of the Wilson tariff bill, which he says will, if given a fair chance—which circumstances have so far denied it—produce all the revenue the government needs, and gives figures in support of his claim. With reference to currency reform he has one principal remedy—and that is the absolute retirement and cancellation of all government currency that can be used to deplete the treasury reserve. The best plan to do this, he believes, is to fund the notes.

The message has only a paragraph of a congratulatory nature about the Venezuela case, and then covers the reports of all the departments, referring to the navy, the army, coast defense, pensions, etc. Of pensions he says he has endeavored within his sphere to protect the pension roll and make it what it should be—a roll of honor.

CHIPPEWA FALLS OUT OF WATER.

Work of Cleaning Up and Getting into Business About Completed.

Chippewa Falls, Wis., Dec. 7.—Sightseers to the number of 2,000 visited Chippewa Falls yesterday. Only streaks of jagged ice clinging to the fronts and sides of buildings now mark the height to which the water of the river rose, for during Saturday night the flood receded rapidly and a fall of four feet is recorded on the gauge near the C., L., & B. company's mill. The town is comparatively dry within ten feet of the river banks. Nothwithstanding the fact that it was Sunday, the town presented a very busy scene yesterday, scores of laborers were put to work early in the morning and by night most of the streets were in shape for travel and a greater part of the stores were again ready for occupation. It is confidently believed by close observers of the situation that the river will cause no further apprehension this winter.

Dr. Jameson Out of Prison.

London, Dec. 3.—Dr. Leander S. Jameson was released last night at 9 o'clock from Holloway jail in compliance with the order of the home secretary, Sir Mathew White Ridley. Dr. Jameson underwent a serious operation in jail on Nov. 1, and the release was ordered on medical grounds. He was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment on July 28 last on a charge of violating the neutrality laws in invading the territory of the South African republic

FITZ WINS THE FIGHT.

But the Referee Gives It to Sharkey on an Alleged Foul.

San Francisco, Dec. 3.—No event in the history of pugilism on the Pacific coast ever attracted public attention here as did the battle between the heavy-weights Robert Fitzsimmons and Thomas Sharkey last night. Between 15,000 and 20,000 people occupied all the available space in the big Mechanic's pavilion and watched the contest, which was given to Sharkey in the eighth round on an alleged foul. Fitzsimmons had the best of the fight all the way through and indignantly denied making a foul.

The referee gave the decision to Sharkey, claiming that while Sharkey was falling from Fitzsimmons' left hook on chin Fitzsimmons struck Sharkey in the groin with his knee. The foul, if foul it was, could not be seen from the press stand, but Referee Earp gave his decision in spite of Fitzssimgave his decision in spite of Fitzsimmons' protests. It was Fitzsimmons' fight from start to finish. He fought fairly while the sailor continually used foul tactics. He would clinch and lift Fitzsimmons from his feet, strike in a clinch, though the men had previously agreed not to do so, and he was generally unfair. Several times in the mill Fitzsimmons had the sailor going, but could not land a knock-out blow. In the eighth Sharkey started out to do the leading, but seldom landed. Bob continually sent in left hand jabs on Sharkey' face, sending his head back every time.

At first the crowd did not seem to grasp the situation, but when it dawned upon them that the decision had gone against Fitzsimmons such a howl of indignation as went up has seldom been heard in this section. Hisses, curses, groans and hoots split the air. On the platform in the ring Bob Fitzsimmons and Martin Julian were jumping about and trying to make themselves heard. Although their words were unheard their actions were expressive enough. Dismay and disgust were vividly portrayed. Fitzsimmons indignantly denied that he had fouled Sharkey. He said he had fought fairly and there was no temptation for him to commit a foul, as he knew he had his man going. Sharkey could not be seen. He was carried into his room by his seconds and followed by a doctor who examined the injured sailor.

Sharkey recovered consciousness about half an hour later. He was apparently badly injured, his groin being swollen. He says he had Fitzsimmons going until the eighth round when the foul occurred. Wyatt Earp, the referee, says the foul was deliberate. Fitzsimmons, just before striking his left hook that apparently knocked Sharkey out, hit the sailor below the belt with his fist.

San Francisco, Dec. 4.—The city is divided to the result of the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey fight, which continues to be the topic of the hour. No one questions that Fitzsimmons had the fight practically won in the eighth round. Judge Sanderson yesterday granted the injunction asked for against paying the $10,000 to Sharkey.

BATTLE IN CUBA.

Says Which Confirms That Maceo Has Won a Victory.

Cincinnati, Dec. 4.—A special to The Commercial-Tribune from Tampa, Fla., says: From passengers from Havana last evening it is learned that rumors are rife in Havana that a fight has just occurred between the vanguard of Weyler's army and some of Maceo's men, with large forces on each side. No details are mentioned because, the passengers say, the people in Havana are more than usually reticent, since it is learned that the Spanish army did not come off best. It is believed therefore that Maceo gained a victory. The palace people seemed more than usually vigilant and active yesterday, which is significant. Two hundred sick and wounded soldiers were brought into the city hospitals yesterday from near Mariel and San Cristobal. It is reported in Havana that Weyler has lost two railroad trains from dynamite explosions, including much needed army supplies for his men, sent from Havana.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

Annual Convention of the Leading Spirits in Advanced Womankind.

Boston, Dec. 4.—The National Council of Women of the United States met here yesterday in annual convention. Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, the president occupied the chair. The presentation of reports and greetings of delegates from organizations comprising the council took up the entire time until prior to adjournment for luncheon. Among those who took part in the programme were Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, of Portland, for the national W. C. T. U., and Mrs. Margaret I. Sanders, of Chicago, for the Illinois industrial school.

Greetings were briefly presented by Miss Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Anna H. Shaw, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indiana, and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, of Canada. The report of the Woman's Republican Association of the United States, of which Mrs. J. Ellen Foster is president, was read by Mrs. Emily S. Chace.

WAS NOT REAL RECIPROCITY.

Which Is Why German Vessels Will Now Have To Pay Port Dues.

Washington, Dec. 4.—The president yesterday issued a proclamation the effect of which is to reimpose upon the vessels entering from Germany the same tonnage dues that are imposed on vessels entering the United States from Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain and other maritime nations in Europe and Asia. German vesels were excepted in 1885 from the payment of the dues under the shipping reciprocity act of 1886.

During the past year, at the request of the treasury department, the state department has made a full investigation into the charges imposed upon American vessels in German ports, and the fact has been developed that while the imperial government does not impose taxes on shipping, yet the governments of the German maritime taxes, for years have imposed shipping taxes, so that there was no real reciprocity.

Another Republican Senator, Perhaps.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Dec. 7.—The rumor is current throughout this state that Senator Faulkner will resign his seat as United States senator this winter so he can accept a lucrative offer as attorney for a New York corporation. His present term will not expire until March 4, 1899.

JOHN R. FELLOWS PASSES AWAY.

Brief Sketch of the Life of a Noted Lawyer and Politician.

New York, Dec. 8.—John R. Fellows, district attorney of New York and former member of congress, died yesterday afternoon after an illness which had confined him to his bed from about the time of his return from an electioneering tour of the middle western states. In that tour he spoke frequently in behalf of Palmer and Buckner, the nominees of the "National" Democracy. John R. Fellows was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1832. In 1850 he went to Camden, Ark., at the invitation of an uncle, who was a merchant in that place. He was an elector on the Bell and Everett ticket in 1860, and made speeches throughout the state.

After the election of Lincoln he urged acquiescence in the result, but when secession was declared young Fellows enlisted in the First Arkansas regiment. After battles around Corinth he was promoted to a colonelcy, and was assistant inspector general at Port Hudson, La., when that place surrendered. He was a prisoner of war at Johnson's island in Lake Erie, off Sandusky, O., until the spring of 1865, when he was sent south for exchange, but was not released until the close of the war. Colonel Fellows resumed the practice of law in Camden, later coming to New York, where he had held several legal offices.

MONETARY CONFERENCE CALL.

Official Invitation to Business Men to Go to Indianapolis Jan. 12.

Indianapolis, Dec. 5.—The executive committee in charge of the arrangements for the currency reform convention to meet in this city on Jan. 12, has agreed upon the following form of "call for a monetary convention of business men:"

"The representatives of the boards of trade, chambers of commerce and similar commercial bodies of the cities of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Louisville, Columbus, Cleveland, Toledo, Grand Rapids and Indianapolis, in conference asembled at the city of Indianapolis on the 1st day of December, 1896, after due deliberation do hereby call a nonpartisan convention to meet at the city of Indianapolis on the 12th day of January, 1897, to be composed of representative business men chosen from boards of trade, chamber of commerce, commercial clubs or other similar commercial bodies in cities of 8,000 or more inhabitants, according to the census of 1890—the basis of representation to be as tabulated and according to the population of such cities—for the purpose of considering and suggesting such legislation as may in their judgment be necessary to place the currency system of the country upon a sound and permanent basis." The balance of the call is an argument justifying the proposed action by the business men.

GOV.-ELECT TANNER TO MARRY.

His Bride Will Be Miss Cora Kelso English, of the State Capital.

Chicago, Dec. 7.—The engagement of [illegible] English, of Springfield, to Gov.-elect John R. Tanner has been formally announced. The wedding will take place Dec. 30. For some time the engagement has been rumored, given color by the fact that for the past eight years Mr. Tanner has been attentive to the young lady. The governor-elect has preserved a strict silence upon the subject and only Saturday was the rumor confirmed.

Miss English has been a prominent figure in official society in Springfield for several years, and during much of Tanner's stay there as a state officer she has been seen in his company at the society events of the season. She is a daughter of Turney English, a prominent real estate dealer of Springfield. The family has resided in Sangamon county for a number of years. Miss English traces her ancestry back through the prominent families of Maryland and Virginia to the arrival of her forefathers in 1622. Her mother, now dead, was Miss Jane Pyncheon, the daughter of a prominent officer in the British army.

TROUBLE IN A SOLDIERS' HOME.

Officials at Marshalltown, Ia., To Be Arrested on a Pension Matter.

Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 4.—Federal officers of the southern district of Iowa will next week arrest the officers and trustees of the Iowa Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown for committing a misdemeanor against the federal government by interfering with pensions of soldiers who are inmates of the home. They will be taken at once before Judge Woolworth for trial. The hearing will be sensational. The arrests will be made on information furnished by Special Agent Gray, of the federal service, who has been at Marshalltown for some time working upon the matter.

District Attorney C. D. Fuller, of the southern district, first worked up the case, which has grown out of the policy of the home in requiring inmates to pay over to the management all their pension money in excess of $6 a month. officers who will be arrested are: J. R. Ratekin, commandant; S. B. Evans, of Ottawa; R. J. Jefferson, of Jefferson; A. T. Barchard, of Marshalltown; C. L. Davidson, of Hull; L. B. Raymond, of Hampton, and J. W. Morton, of Washington, trustees of the institution.

Composition of House of Representatives.

Washington, Dec. 3.—The clerk of the house of representatives has issued the usual unofficial list of members of the house of the Fifty-fifth congress. The list shows that the house will be composed of 204 Republicans, 124 Democrats, 13 fusionists, 12 Populists and 3 Silverites, and that there is one vacancy, from the First Missouri district. Of the total membership 205 were in the last house and ten others had served in previous congresses.

Lynching That Was Not Unexpected.

Kansas City, Dec. 7.—A special to The Journal from Lexington, Mo., says: At about 1 o'clock this morning a mob of Ray county farmers broke into the county jail here, secured Jesse Winner and James Nelson, held for the murder of Mrs. Winner and her two babes, and lynched them.

Two Men Lynched.

Lexington, Mo., Dec. 7.—At about 1 o'clock Monday morning a mob of Bay county farmers broke into the county jail here, secured Jesse Winner and James Nelson, held for the murder of Mrs. Winner and her two babies, and lynched them.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.

Peoria., Ills., Dec. 4.—Mayor Allen has requested the mayors of the cities along the Illinois river and Illinois and Michigan canal to send three representatives each to a conference to be held in Peoria before Dec. 15 for the purpose of taking action in reference to the drainage channel out of Chicago. It is alleged that Chicago sewage will be turned into the canal and the river diluted with less water than required by law, which is a minimum of 300,000 cubic feet per minute. A gentleman said to be in a position to know is quoted as asserting htat the flow will be only 125,000 cubic feet per minute.

Complaint is also made that the contract has been let for a bridge over the channel only twenty-two feet above the water, which will interfere with navigation, as an ordinary-sized steamboat cannot pass under it. It is said that the bridge is only temporary, but it is feared that if it is built it will be hard to get rid of it. A meting of citizens was held yesterday afternoon to fix the date for the conference.

Illinois Congressional Pluralities.

Springfield, Dec. 7.—The official canvass of votes in Illinois gives the following pluralities for congress: First district, Mann, 28,728; Second district, Lorimer, 26,736; Third district, Belknap, 590; Fourth district, Mills, 2,110; Fifth district, White, 3,076; Sixth district, Cook, 6,579; Seventh district, Foss, 20,297; Eighth district, Hopkins, 19,121; Ninth district, Hitt, 17,708; Tenth district, Prince, 15,718; Eleventh district, Reeves, 6,242; Twelfth district, Cannon, 9,953; Thirteenth district, Warner, 8,523; Fourteenth district, Graff, 1,731; Fifteenth district, Marsh, 309—all Republicans; Sixteenth district, Hinrichsen (Dem.), 6,143; Seventeenth district, Connolly (Rep.), 99; Eighteenth district, Jett (Dem.), 1,559; Nineteenth district, Hunter (Dem.), 1,068; Twentieth district, Campbell (Dem.), 2,751; Twenty-first district, Baker (Dem.), 402; Twenty-second district, Smith (Rep.), 4,255.

Condition of Illinois State Banks.

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 8.—The condition of Illinois state banks Nov. 28 was as follows: Loans and discounts decreased from $83,256,391, Sept. 1, the date of last report, to $76,755,062. Sept. 1—saving deposits subject to notice aggregated $37,665,012; individual deposits, $39,720,414. Nov. 28—savings deposits, $29,603,444, individual deposits, $48,002,087. Resources—United States bonds, $189,169; other bonds and stocks, $10,037,559; cash on hand, $16,768,320; due from other banks, $17,268,310. Total resources $126,956,813.

Bold Robbery in Illinois.

Belvidere, Dec. 4.—The village of Genoa, eight miles south of this city, has had a hold-up which rivals the work of the "long and short man" in Chicago. A man entered the jewelry store of E. H. Lane and levelling a revolver at the proprietor demanded that he [illegible] to be rifled. The jeweler stood and watched the caller help himself to seventy-five watches, rings, chains and other articles to the value of $800 or $1,000. The thief then left, taking practically the whole stock with him.

Dead by the Blow of a Murderer.

Peoria, Ills., Dec. 7.—Frank J. Boyle, 27 years of age, a farmer residing near Princeville, died as the result of injuries inflicted some days ago by a stranger. He was found at his home last Wednesday evening in an unconscious condition and died without regaining consciousness.

Inauguration of Governor Tanner.

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 8.—The local committee having in charge the inauguration of Governor-Elect Tanner has decided that the inauguration shall occur Monday, Jan. 11, as Governor Altgeld's term does not expire until Jan. 10.

Thief Chase at Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 4. — A policeman was badly wounded and a street car conductor shot through the hand by a thief a crowd of 100 people were chasing last night on West Madison street. The thief had robbed a washerwoman of the only dollar she had in the world.

Illinois Farmers for Hoard.

Dixon, Ills., Dec. 4.—The Whiteside County Farmer's institutte in session in Sterling has adopted resolutions petitioning President-Elect McKinley to appoint ex-Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, to the position in the next cabinet of secretary of agriculture.

Illinois Farmer Killed.

Decatur, Dec. 8.—John Chapman, 80 years old, a rich farmer in Blue Mound township, was killed yesterday morning by a kick from a horse.

Farwell Would Go to the Senate.

Chicago, Dec. 5.—The Times-Herald this morning says that Charles B. Farwell, of this city, is a candidate for United States senator from Illinois.

State Notes.

The four babes of Mrs. Paul Bartcovitch, of Chicago, were smothered to death while playing with matches.

The Illinois State Millers' association has elected these officers: President, E. C. Kreider, Jacksonville; secretary-treasurer, C. H. Sebyt, Highland.

Green B. Crabtree, who killed Dr. Isaac N. Coffee, president of the Illinois board of pharmacy at Cairo, has been indicted for manslaughter.

Ernest Benson fell from a new railroad bridge at Lake Geneva, Ills., and was killed. He was 35 years old, and lived in Rockford, Ills.

Abraham Zwahlen, a respected Swiss of Mount Vernon, Ills., was found dead in his bed. Investigation shows that heart disease caused his death.

Edna Curry, the 13-year-old daughter of Thomas Curry, of Jerseyville, Ills., committed suicide by taking strychnine because she couldn't get along with a step-mother.

Dashed Into an Electric Car.

Leavenworth, Kan., Dec. 8.—A Burlington plug train ran into an electric car at the Choctaw crossing, smashing the front part of the electric car and severely injuring Captain Montgomery of the pension department of the soldiers' home at Fort Leavenworth, and Thomas Haskins, a member of company D of the institution. The other passengers escaped injury.

INTERIOR SECRETARY'S REPORT.

His Remarks on Pensions and the Railways Aided with Bonds.

Washington, Dec. 5.—The annual report of Secretary of the Interior Francis was made public yesterday. It proposes a solution of the vexed problem of the bond-aided roads, deals exhaustively with the pension administration, reviews the progress of the Dawes commission negotiations and touches upon various matters of especial significance in the west. The report opens with a discussion of the public domain. It shows that the total number of acres disposed of up to June 30 last was 945,000,000, leaving public domain still vacant estimated at over 600,000,000 acres, not including the distract of Alaska with an area of over 390,000,000 acres. He urges further action for the purpose of conserving our forests.

The total amount paid by the government in pensions and the cost of disbursing the same for the last thirty-one years is $2,034,817,769. This lacks only a little over $346,712,500 of being equal to the high water mark of the interest-bearing public debt. The present number of pensioners, which is 970,678, is greater by 4,666 than in 1893, when the maximum annual cost was reached, and is greater than ever before. This is due to the death of old soldiers and the continued payment of allowances to their heirs, while the amount paid is decreased through the death of invalid pensioners leaving no dependents. The total number of our pensioners in foreign countries was 3,781, who were paid $582,735. An increase from $8 to $12 per month is recommended for all wholly disabled and destitute Mexican war survivors.

Referring to the Pacific railway's debt the secretary thinks the refunding measures would be failures and adds: "In my judgment it is much better for the government to accept a lump sum in cash for its claim against these roads, if by doing so the claims can be settled and the connection between the government and the only roads it has ever aided by direct subsidy be effectually severed. Such a solution of this vexed question would meet with the hearty approval of the people generally, and relieve the legislators and all branches of the government of a troublesome problem and a trying responsibility."

COLLISION COSTS THREE LIVES.

Wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern—Several Badly Hurt.

Cincinnati, Dec. 8.—A little less than a mile from Storr's Station, O., an accommodation train and a special collided yesterday, the special having on board all the general officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern, who were starting out to make a thorough inspection of the road, except President Bacon and Vice President Peabody. Engineer John Price and Fireman Homer Dixon, of the special, were instantly killed. L. Zepernich, of Delphi, clek in the office of engineer of maintenance of way, died later from his injuries.

General Traffic Manager George F. Randolph was severely injured. His shoulder was dislocated. General Passenger Agent J. M. Chesbrough was badly cut in face and concussion of the brain, the latter slight. There were a number of others injured, [illegible] two seriously, however—Mrs. Alexander Patterson, of Aurora, Ind., and Tom [illegible], engineer of the accommodation train.

World's W. C. T. U. Convention.

Boston, Dec. 4.—Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the World's W. C. T. U., has announced that the annual convention of the National and Dominion unions will be held the last of October and the 1st of November, 1897, in the ordered mentioned—the National in either, probably, Buffalo or Detroit and the Dominion in Toronto.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.

Money on call was easy at 1½ per cent.; prime mercantile paper 4@5 per cent.; sterling exchange was easier, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486½@486¾ for demand and 483¾@484 for sixty days; posted rates, 484@485½ and 487½@488; commercial bills, 482¾.

Silver certificates, 65½; sales, $5,000; bar silver, 65¾; Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, 119¾; do. coupons, 119¾; 5's registered, 113½; do. coupons, 113½; 4's registered, 109; do. coupons, 110½; 2's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of '97, 99⅛.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Dec. 7.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 77¾c, closed 77¾c; May, opened 80¼c, closed 80¾c; July, opened nominal, closed 74½c. Corn—December, opened 23c, closed 23c; May, opened 28c, closed 28¼c. Oats—December, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 21¼c, closed 21¼c. Pork—December, opened $6.75, closed $6.75; January, opened $7.50, closed $7.57½. Lard—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $3.80, $3.80.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23c per lb; extra dairy, 19c; fresh packing stock, 8@9½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 23c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 10@10½c per lb; chickens (hens), 6c; spring chickens, 6@6½c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 9@10c; geese, 7@9c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@24c per bu; Hebron, 20@23c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.40@1.60 per bbl. Honey—White clover combs, 10@13c per lb; extracted, 5@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, 80c@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Dec. 7.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards to lay ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 49,000; sales ranged at $3.70@3.30 pigs, $3.10@3.85 light, $2.90@3.00 rough packing, $3.10@3.35 mixed, and $3.05@3.80 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,500; quotations ranged at $3.50@5.70 Christmas beeves, $5.00@5.15 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.30@5.00 good to choice do., $4.10@4.50 fair to good, $3.60@4.10 common to medium do., $3.50@3.90 butcher steers, $2.80@4.50 stockers, $3.35@4.00 feeders; $1.75@3.60 cows, $2.40@4.15 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.85@4.20 Texas steers, and $2.75@5.85 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; sales ranged at $2.35@3.50 western, $1.50@3.00 Texans, $1.50@3.75 natives and $2.85@5.40 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 7.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 90c; track, 91¼@91¾c; No. 2 hard cash, 73½c bid; December, 85½; May, 85@89c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 21½c; December, 20½c bid; May, 29½c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 20c bid; May, 22½c. Rye—34c bid.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 7.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 79c; No. 1 northern, 83c; May, 85¼c. Corn—No. 2, 23c. Oats—No. 2 white, 20@21¼c. Barley—No. 2, 33½c; samples, 24@32c. Rye—No. 1, 40¾c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Dec. 7.

Wheat—Cash white, 82c asked; cash red, 82c asked; December, 80½c; May, 85½c bid, 86c asked.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Dec. 2.

King Humbert of Italy made a gift of $4,000,000 to the Prince of Naples, the heir apparent, who has just married Princess Helene of Montenegro.

Justice Sabbath at Chicago gave Alois Mourek judgment for $46.40 against Edward Ulrich, balance due for securing the latter a wife. Ulrich wanted a widow and was to pay $50 for one. Mourek secured the widow for him, but only got $3.60 on account.

Obituary: At Okes, N. Y., Lawyer Ira Shafer, of New York city. At Brown's Valley, Minn., Nathan Lampson, the Indian fighter, 96. At Rockford, Ills., J. Hervey Jones, 69. At La Grange, Ind., Andrew Ellison. At El Paso, Tex., J. M. Ross, formerly of Chicago, 38. At New York, Joseph Schwartzschild, 70.

James Lombard, who was engaged to be married to thirty-nine women, died at Brooklyn..

Mrs. Dr. Grosvenor, wife of a Springfield, O., dentist, is seriously ill as a result of the X ray.

Thursday, Dec. 3.

Mrs. May Yealy, weight 350 pounds, has eloped with Charles Clark, weight 100 pounds, a hired man, from Lebanon, Ind.

The editor of the Berlin Frankfurter Zeitung has been fined 20 marks for refusing to disclose the source of secret information.

A bulldog identified William Thompson, a burglar, who was being tried in a Brooklyn court.

Ebe W. Tunnell, governor-elect of Delaware, is seriously ill.

The Mississippi supreme court has decided that poll tax cannot be collected by levying on property.

A bullet proof hospital has been constructed in Pittsburg for the use of the patriot army of Cuba.

Democrats elected six of the eleven mayors of principal Massachusetts cities in Tuesday's election.

Professor D. G. Elliot, head of the Field museum expedition to Africa, has returned to Chicago.

The new man-of-war Brooklyn has been accepted by the government.

Friday, Dec. 4.

Obituary: At Fairbury, Ills., William Spence, 83. At Boulder, Ills., W. J. Carter, 72. At Oxford, Ga. ex-State Treasurer R. U. Hardeman. At Peoria, Ills., John R. Zeigler, 65. At Greensburg, Ind., B. B. Harris, 74.

Four inches of snow has fallen at Atlanta, Ga.

The scheme to form a papermakers' trust has failed.

An effort is on foot in London to present Ambassador Bayard with a national Christmas gift.

John Moore was killed at Chicago on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois tracks.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, of Beecher trial fame, has returned to New York from Paris.

John Karlstrand, dealer in furs at 65-67 Washington street, Chicago, has made an assignment. The assets are $3,000 and the liabilities $9,000.

Saloon keepers in Switzerland have renewed the agitation against American beef.

Saturday, Dec. 5.

Daniel Howell, forman of the Zinn Woolen mill at Columbus Grove, O., was caught in the machinery and ground to pieces before the machinery could be stopped.

Advices received from Liberia announce that the president of that republic, Joseph James Chessman, died on Nov. 11.

Colonel Mapleson's Imperial Opera company has disbanded at Boston as a result of the strike of the orchestra for back salaries.

Director Skiff, of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, has made his report for the year ended October last. The receipts for the period have been $158,766; disbursements, $156,990, leaving a balance of $1,776.

Obituary: At Paris, George N. Curtis, Mrs. Nathan Franko, of New York. At Brooklyn, Fitzjames Stranhan, 55. At Arcola, Ills., Dr. L. A. Lagle, 38. At Elkhorn, Wis., Christian Casselman, 96. At Greenburg, Ind., Aquilla Rariden, 88. At Scatterwood, S. D., Elihu Granger, formerly a Chicago alderman, 94.

Monday, Dec. 7.

Last week a thug was killed in Oklahoma territory and supposed to be "Dynamite" Dick." It turns out that "Dyuamite" is alive and loose yet, the dead thug being "Skeeter Dick." Another thug is dying.

The Mapleson Opera company, which went to pieces at Boston, lost for its backers at London $100,000.

The British cruiser Powerful is the largest in the world and made 22½ knots an hour under natural draught on her trial trip.

The total vote of Nevada was 10,315, of which Bryan got over 8,000.

Bryan's book will be entitled "The First Battle," and will be out in the early part of next month. It will be published at Chicago.

A. H. Wagner and Peter Beargrease, who were supposed to have been lost on Lake Superior, are safe at Beaver Bay.

At Bath, Me., Saturday the gunboats Vicksburg and Newport were launched. They were christened respectively by Miss Addie Trowbridge, daughter of the mayor of Vicksburg, and Miss La Farge, great-grand-daughter of Commodore Perry.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

NUPKINS AWAKENED.

THE ONLY PLAY EVER WRITTEN BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

It Was a Satire on the Justice Dispensed by Sir Peter Edlin—The Poet Artist Took a Part Himself—A Socialist Benefit Performance.

On the subject of the theater, an enthusiastic young first nighter would probably have given Morris up after the first attempt to gather his opinion of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as an ordinary citizen who had never formed the habit of playgoing, and neither knew nor cared anything about the theater except as a treat for children once a year during the pantomine season. But Morris would have written for the stage if there had been any stage that a poet and artist could write for. When the Socialist league once proposed to raise the wind by a dramatic entertainment and suggested that he should provide the play, he set to at once and provided it.

And what kind of play was it? Was it a miracle play on the lines of those scenes in the Towneley mysteries between the "shepherds abiding in the field," which he used to quote with great relish as his idea of a good bit of comedy? Not at all. It was a topical extravaganza, entitled "Nupkins Awakened," the chief "character parts" being Sir Peter Edlin, Tennyson and an imaginary archbishop of Canterbury. Sir Peter owed the compliment to his activity at that time in sending socialists to prison on charges of "obstruction," which was always proved by getting a policeman to swear that if any passerby or vehicle had wished to pass over the particular spot in a thoroughfare on which the speaker or his audience happened to be standing their presence would have obstructed him.

This contention, which was regarded as quite sensible and unanswerable by the newspapers of the day, was put into a nutshell in the course of Sir Peter's summing up in the play. "In fact, gentlemen, it is a matter of grave doubt whether we are not all of us continually committing this offense from our cradles to our graves." This speech, which the real Sir Peter of course never made, though he certainly would have done so had he had wit enough to see the absurdity of solemnly sending a man to prison for two months because another man could not walk through him, especially when it would have been so easy to lock him up for three months on some respectable pretext, will probably keep Sir Peter's memory green when all his actual judicial utterances are forgotten.

As to Tennyson, Morris took a socialist who happened to combine the right sort of beard with a melancholy temperament and drilled him in a certain portentous incivility of speech which, taken from the quality of his remarks, threw a light on Morris' opinion of Tennyson which would all the more instructive because he delighted in Tennyson's verse as keenly as Wagner delighted in the music of Mendelssohn, whose credit for qualities of larger scope he nevertheless wrote down and destroyed.

Morris played the ideal Archbishop himself. He made no attempt to make up the part in the ordinary stage fashion. He always contended that no more was necessary for stage illusion than some indistinct conventional symbol, such as a halo for a saint, a crook for a bishop, or, if you liked, a cloak and dagger for the villain and a red wig for the comedian. A pair of clerical bands and black stockings proclaimed the Archbishop. The rest he did by obliterating his humor and intelligence and presenting his own person to the audience like a lantern with the light blown out, with a dull absorption in his own dignity which several minutes of the wildest screaming laughter at him when he entered could not disturb. I laughed immoderately myself, and I can still see quite clearly the long top floor of that warehouse in the Farringdon road as I saw it in glimpses between my paroxysms, with Morris gravely on the stage in his bands at one end; Mrs. Stillman, a tall and beautiful figure, rising like a delicate spire above a sky line of city chimney pots, at the other, and a motley sea of rolling, wallowing, guffawing socialists between.

There has been no other such successful first night within living memory, I believe, but I remember only one dramatic critic who took care to be present—William Archer. Morris was so interested by his experiment in this sort of composition that he for some time talked of trying his hand at a serious drama and would no doubt have done it had there been any practical occasion for it or any means of consummating it by stage representation under proper conditions without spending more time on the job than it was worth. Later, at one of the annual festivities of the Hammersmith Socialist society, he played the old gentleman in the bath chair in a short piece called "The Duchess of Bayswater" (not by himself), which once served its turn at the Haymarket as a curtain raiser. It was impossible for such a born teller and devourer of stories as he was to be indifferent to an art which is nothing more than the most vivid and real of all ways of story telling. No man would more willingly have seen his figures move and heard their voices than he.—Saturday Review.

A Juvenile Taste Explained.

Little Boy—Our cook has gone away, and I'm awfully glad. Now mamma will have to make the cake, and mamma's cake is always heavy.

Guest—Well, I declare! Do you prefer heavy cake?

Little Boy—Yes. You get more chewin in a piece.—London Fun.

His Business.

Bobbles—I hear you are in business for yourself now?

Wiggins—I thought I was, but from the little I get out of it it appears that I am in business for other people.—Boston Transcript.

ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.

No One Allowed to Shoot Them Without Special Permission.

Nobody may shoot an elephant, says the London Telegraph, on the Annamulle or Tipperah hills or anywhere else throughout India and Ceylon without permission unless it be a "rogue," or plainly dangerous and destructive. The capture of the wild elephant and his careful training are things carried out under an admirable and scientific system, which gives to the administration in all its branches and to the native courts a superb staff of massive and faithful servants, the commissariat and artillery elephants.

Although they will seldom or never breed in captivity, the grand creatures are easy to keep and manage, invaluable for many special purposes, and at their demise whatever tusks they may carry go to the world's stock of ivory. The older it is the better generally its quality. But, in any case, how senseless it seems to extirpate the living source of this beautiful commodity, as the reckless hunters and ignorant native chiefs and merchants are still allowed to do in central Africa! When shall we see the governments of these various regions sensible enough to perceive and proclaim that live elephants are very much more valuable even commercially than dead ones, and that the preservation of these stately and serviceable animals shall be henceforward a fixed policy for African benefit?

It has been truly remarked that directly the native and foreign hunters are convinced that one live elephant is worth dozens of tusks they will be as keen to preserve the animal as they now are to exterminate him. We might plead earnestly, even upon the ground of æstheticism and natural science, for the protection in future of the noble beast, whose majesty and tranquillity of mien so well become his silent haunts and philosophic, harmless existence. The ears of those, however, who massacre the innocent giant to cut from him 20 or 30 pounds of material for paper knives and shoe horns would be closed to such remonstrances. The best hope of all who understand the value of the elephant for Africa is that even the most ruthless of his assassins may come to learn that they are destroying their own markets. The rest is for official authorities to do. But certain it is that if decided measures be not promptly taken there will be no elephants to save and, we shall see in another continent the shameful human sin and folly perpetrated which has stripped America of every free living vestige of her noble droves of bison.

THE TIPPING QUESTION.

How It Is Practiced at Home and Abroad and the Need For a Reform.

The question of "tipping" seems small enough in detail, but rather important when exaggerated.

A woman who spent last winter in one of the most sumptuous of New York hotels says she invariably gave a quarter to her waiter at breakfast and luncheon, those being meals taken alone. At dinner time she was joined by her husband, who always handed the servitor 50 cents.

The latter sum seemed to evenly fill the man's idea of what was due him, and his "Thank you, sir!" was bland and gracious, but the lady's modest quarters always found their grave in the black waistcoat pocket, with no expression of gratitude from the recipient's face, which wore a meaning look, as of one who says, "Women are mean, an never knows 'ow to do the right thing by a man, but one 'as to put up with 'em."

It is only in reckless, good natured America that optional fees are so much larger than they ought to be. A dollar, which is a common enough sum for a man to give at dinner in a fashionable restaurant, would make a French waiter stare, although he would have the presence of mind to pocket it quickly.

In Paris there is an unwritten scale which apportions 5 per cent on the amount of a customer's bill as a tip. Thus a person ordering a dinner that costs $2 would, on settling his bill, add 10 cents for the attendant.

It is time we had either a legal or informal rule governing tips in this country, and it is to be hoped that some rich persons will help on the reform.

It will never be done by those whose means are really small enough to feel the tax, for it is one of the errors of the impecunious to feel obliged to show as much liberality as a millionaire, even if, like the guest in "Charley's Aunt," he has to borrow half a dollar from the butler with which to tip him.—Illustrated American.

A Splendid Crown.

One of the most splendid crowns in the world is that of the Russian empress, Anna Ivanovna. According to Hamlin, it is well proportioned and lightly formed of open gold work, incrusted with a vast number of exquisite gems and among them 2,536 diamonds of great perfection. On its top, serving as a base to a slender cross of pearls, is placed the immense and wonderful ruby which the Russian embassador purchased at Peking at the price of 120,000 rubles.

The Geranium.

The geranium expresses preference. The idea has not, so far as known, any foundation in history or legend. It is said that Henry VIII first showed marked preference for Anne Boleyn by giving her a bunch of red flowers. Some persons have supposed these flowers to be geraniums, but the plant was little, if at all, known in England at that time.

A fly is almost invincible. It will survive long immersion in water and will sustain the odors of sulphur and other disinfectants without apparent injury. Only turpentine, chloroform and ammonia can get the better of a fly.

Thirty days are required for mail to travel between New York and Bushire.

ON THE CLERMONT.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST VOYAGE OF FULTON'S STEAMBOAT.

A Group of Women Who Made the Historic Trip—How the Engagement of the Inventor Was Announced—Predictions Made by Chancellor Livingston.

Helen Evertson Smith, in The Century, has a paper on "A Group of American Girls Early In the Century," which gives pleasant glimpses of Chancellor Livingston and Robert Fulton. The chancellor invited several of his fair cousins to make a trip from New York to his home at Clermont in a new boat. Miss Smith says:

The "new boat" of the letter was the now celebrated Clermont, the steamboat of Robert Fulton, which in August, 1807, made the first successful steam voyage up the astonished Hudson and demonstrated to the world that a new force had been discovered by which old methods in nearly all lines were to be revolutionized.

Very likely, with all their loving confidence in the wisdom of the chancellor, the sisters embarked with some distrust of his new boat's making good its promise to get them home in less than three days, even if both wind and tide should prove unfavorable, but they were not afraid of anything worse than delay, though most of their friends feared for them. During the nine years that had passed since "Robert R. Livingston and Robert Fulton had first secured the concession to navigate the waters in New York state for 20 years, providing they should build a boat of not less than 20 tons, that would go not less than four miles an hour against wind and tide," the subject had been so often talked over in their presence that the sisters were already quite intelligent upon it and laughed at the fears of their timorous friends.

The embarkation was from a dock "near the state prison" (which was in "Greenwich village," on the North river) and was witnessed by a crowd of "not less than 500 persons." Many were friends of the passengers, who bade them farewell with as much solicitude as if they were going to Madagascar, especially trembling with apprehension at the "terrible risk run by sailing in a boat full of fire."

The adventurous voyagers, who were the guests of Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston, were about 40 in number, including but a few ladies. Among the latter, besides our two young sisters and their aunt, Mrs. Thomas Morris (daughter-in-law of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution), were at least one of the chancellor's two daughters, four of the many daughters of his brothers, John R. and Colonel Harry, and a young lady who was more interested in the result of this memorable experiment than any one save the inventor himself. In all the biographies of Fulton Miss Harriet Livingston is called the chancellor's niece, but she was really his cousin. She was a beautiful, graceful and accomplished woman and had long given her heart to Robert Fulton. The fair Harriet was at this time about two and twenty and "deeply in love with her handsome, gifted lover as any girl well could be." There were many distinguished and fine looking men on board the Clermont, but my grandmother always described Robert Fulton as surpassing them all. "That son of a Pennsylvania farmer," she was wont to say, "was really a prince among men. He was as modest as he was great and as handsome as he was modest. His eyes were glorious with love and genius."

A little before reaching Clermont, when the success of the voyage was well assured, the betrothal was announced by the chancellor in a graceful speech, in the course of which he prophesied that the "name of the inventor would descend to posterity as that of a benefactor to the world, and that it was not impossible that before the close of the present century vessels might even be able to make the voyage to Europe without other motive power than steam."

This hardy prediction was received with but moderate approval by any, while smiles of incredulity were exchanged between those who were so placed that they could not be seen by the speechmaker or the inventor. John R. was heard to say in an aside to his cousin, John Swift Livingston, that "Bob had many a bee in his bonnet before now, but this steam folly would prove the worst one yet." But the chancellor's brothers lived to see the ocean regularly traversed by steam vessels, but the prophet himself and the inventor both passed away before the realization of their dreams.

The Sleeping Disease.

On the western coast of Africa they have a singular and always fatal malady which is known as the sleeping disease, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The person attacked by it is seized with a sensation of drowsiness, which continues to increase in spite of the efforts made to throw it off. Finally the patient sinks into a profound sleep, which continues for about three weeks, or until death ensues. The most curious feature of the disease is that, aside from the drowsiness, the patient seems much as usual. The pulse, respiration and temperature are normal, while he may be easily aroused and will take nourishment and answer questions in a perfectly natural manner.

Utterly Bad.

"Yes," spake they of the one who had gone, "he was utterly and hopelessly bad. His wickedness might have been forgiven had it been accompanied by any redeeming trait, but he had none. He couldn't even tell a funny story."—Indianapolis Journal.

The white carnation is regarded in England as an emblem of disdain. This idea was probably suggested by the upright habit of the flower, which nods and waves haughtily in the breeze.

WHAT A CHILD WANTS TO BE

Girls Desire to Teach, Boys to Handle Tools, When Grown Up.

Children in their early teens have strange ambitions. From 2,500 replies to the question, "What would you like to do or be when you grow up?" it is recorded in the annual report of the department of instruction in New York that among the girls 38 per cent wanted to be teachers, 24 per cent milliners, 11 per cent clerks and stenographers, 3 per cent housekeepers; storekeepers, nurses and servants, each 2 per cent; artists, 1 per cent; then follow missionaries, musicians, factory hands and those who hope to be wives and mothers, each about three-fourths of 1 per cent. It is indeed a poor showing for the desire for motherhood. What is wrong with our schooling system that most young girls make up their minds that they would like to be teachers, and that only three-fourths of 1 per cent of them express any interest in being a wife and mother?

Among the boys who were questioned the most popular occupations related to the trades. Fourteen per cent had this preference. Next in frequency came the desire to be merchants, 12 per cent; then clerks, 7 per cent; then farmers, 6 per cent; doctors, about 5 per cent; lawyers, about 5 per cent; engineers, nearly 4 per cent; teachers and soldiers, each 3 per cent; railroad men and sailors, each 2½ per cent; business, 2 per cent. The rest named 35 different occupations. It was noticed that the boys thought that an occupation that dealt with tools, plants or animals meant something that conferred power over one's fellows. Only in boys about 7 years old was there a large preference for such occupations as that of policeman, fireman or railroad man. As he grows older the average boy modifies his desire for the perilous, until at 14 he wants to be a bank clerk. There is one interesting exception to this. The ambition to be a sailor appears at 7 and increases slowly, culminating at 14.

Here is the composition of a boy of 14, parents American, his father a laborer: "When I am a man, I will go to sea and be a sailor on the stormy ocean. Then I can see strange and foreign lands and places, where no man but the sailor can go. * * * I can go among the icebergs of the antarctic region, and I can spend a nightly winter in some arctic country. The dark continent holds many joys for the sailor. He can hunt and have adventures without other cost than walking into them. Because I speak in such glowing terms of the sailor does not say that I think he has no discomforts, for what kind of life does not have its full share of the dangers and discomforts? The millionaire frets about the fact that some bank will go under. * * * Even the poorest laborer frets, fearing he and his family will starve to death when he has no work. And now, hurrah for the sailor!"

And here is a little end of the century old maid of 9, of English and American parentage, whose father is a staid minister of the gospel: "I want to marry a man that doesn't smoke, because I don't like the smell of smoke. I want to teach school where they will let me spank the children. For children knead disciplin. I want to wear bloomers all the time. I want to wear a cutaway suit. Because it looks nice with bloomers. I will wear russet shoes and brown stockings. I want to have my hair cut short. Because it will be coler."—New York Press.

THE EVANGELISTS.

Perhaps It Is For the Best That None of the Original Gospels Exists.

Some of our readers there may be who find it difficult to understand why, since God has revealed to us his will in a book, or rather in a library of inspired books, as the Bible truly is, he has not at the same time given us an infallible text. How much labor would have been saved had we possessed the autographs of four evangelists! To this we answer that, had one such autograph existed, some branch of the Christian church—possibly every branch, ourselves included—would have made an idol of the writer's parchment while neglecting its teaching altogether. We can only seek to comprehend the ways of Providence in one sphere by observing them in another. Man is the heir of all things, yet he is sent into the world to depend for food, clothing and all the comforts and adornments of life on his wits. How greatly is he thereby differentiated from the brutes! How immeasurably is the educated man, and especially the scientific investigator, raised above the savage simply as the result of his own efforts!

Is it not possible that he who gave the word of life designs to quicken our interest in it by arousing afresh in each successive generation of Christians the desire to approach nearer to its sources, to remove the undergrowth of legend and tradition which has sometimes obstructed its free course, and that we are saved from the danger of finding it trite by the feeling that we possess a divine treasure which, though a gift, is not entirely independent of our own exertions for the measure in which it shall minister to our edification?—Agnes Smith Lewis in Century.

Plucking Fowls.

Plucking fowls may be easily and quickly accomplished in this way: As soon as the bird is dead immerse it in a pail of very hot water, the water to cover all the feathers. One minute is usually long enough to keep the fowl under hot water. Too long soaking is liable to discolor the skin. After this hot bath the feathers are so loosened that they can be almost rubbed off. The bird is then rinsed in cold water and wiped with a soft cloth. It should then be put into a cotton bag kept for this purpose and hung in a cool place. When fowls are not to be used at once, they should always be loosely rolled in cloth or paper to keep them from turning dark. Ducks cannot be managed in this way, as their feathers contain so much oil that the water does not penetrate them.—New York Sun.

BORRERIN BACK AN FO'TH.

Ma an Mis' Hays hed long ergreed
Ter borrer back an fo'th
Them little things 'at women need
W'ere one 'ud do fer both.
So ma she kep' a candle mold,
Mis' Hays a coffee grinder,
An ma a w'eel, Mis' Hays a reel,
Flax hetchels, brakes an winder.

An, oh, wut leaps my glad heart lope
W'en Marthy Ellen'd come
An ast fer a piggin o' sof' soap
Er candles to take hum,
Fer then I'd see 'er back ergain
An walk so good an slow
Thet quarter mile 'ud las' aw'ile—
An hour o' bliss er so.

She'd come fer pork. I'd go fer bread
Er empt'in's fer a r'isin,
Er hanks o' yarn er spools o' thread,
An wut wus mos' surprisin
Wus the way she'd look so kind o' peart
W'en she'd see me comin, too,
An allus say in 'er cunnin way:
"W'y, hello, Jim! That you?"

Waal, Marthy's gone, an ma is dead.
Fled are the happy years.
A Kanuck is on the Hays homestead
A-farmin it on shares;
But I allus think o' the good ole times
W'en me an Marthy both
Hed blissful days an ma an Mis' Hays
Wus borrerin back an fo'th.
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

The Familiar Stable Call Brought the Stampeding Horses Back.

The editor of Thierfreu relates the following story of his own personal experience of the sagacity of military horses. In the year 1872, during a skirmish with the Sioux Indians, "the Third cavalry regiment had formed an encampment in a valley on the southern border of Dakota. At nightfall the horses were tethered by a long line to the ground. Toward daybreak a violent storm of rain and hail burst over the valley. The terrified animals broke loose from their fastening, and in their fright tore away up the steep sides of the valley into the territory of the enemy. Without horses, at the mercy of the enemy, we should be lost. Yet it was impossible, in the half darkness, to go after them into an unknown country, probably full of Indians. The captain, as a last resource, ordered the stable call to be sounded. In a few minutes every horse had returned to the encampment, and we were saved."

A gentleman who was a finished musician resided some years ago at Darmstadt and kept a dog, which was the terror of all the singers and instrumentalists in the place, for it had the fatal habit of raising its face to heaven and howling whenever a false note was emitted. It never made a mistake, and well known singers were said to tremble when they saw their unwelcome judge, seated by his master's side, at concerts or at the opera, for Max was a regular first nighter and a great friend of the theater director. He was never known to miss a new opera. Max was no respecter of persons, and when the singing was but a shade out he would attract the attention of the whole audience to it with a terrific howl. One tenor went so far as to refuse to sing unless the dog was removed, but Max was so great a favorite with the Darmstadt public and such a well known frequenter that the singer might as well have requested to have the director himself removed from the stalls, and he was obliged to give in with as good a grace as possible. The dog's master stated that he had trained him when he was quite a puppy, and by the time he was 3 years old the dog was as good a judge as his master of a false note.—Boston Transcript.

The Irish Potato Not Irish.

"The peculiarity of the Irish potato, so called, is in the fact that it is not Irish," observed one of the potato experts of the agricultural department. "The potato originally grew wild in the fields of Chile, Peru and Mexico. Sir John Hawkins did not take it to Ireland until 1565. Sir Francis Drake took it to England 20 years afterward. It did better, however, in Ireland than anywhere else and got its name, no doubt, because of its early and extensive cultivation in Ireland. Botanically it was originally known as the Batata virginiana, but in after years it was properly identified and classified as the Solanum tuberorum. As the winter stock is now being laid in, it may be well for the inexperienced to be able to select good potatoes.

"Cut the raw potato in two and rub the halves together. If the moisture on rubbing is soft and liquid enough to drop, the potato will be soggy and set when cooked. Rub the halves briskly around on each other. A potato that will be dry and mealy when cooked will give out a good, rich froth, while a poor one will show only a watery froth by the same action. The pieces will stick together if the potato is a good one. Of course the whole thing is to test the amount of starch in the potato, for the more starch the better the potato. If, however, a person intends to lay in a very large supply, the best plan, of course, is to cook them, and there will be no chance of a mistake."—Washington Star.

Not What He Needed.

She had undertaken to help him in his literary labors.

"Here is something that you really ought to read," she said, looking up from the magazine she had hastily been looking through.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A long article about how to write short stories," she answered.

"Throw it away!" he cried, and she thought she detected a trace of something like agony in his voice. "I've written that kind of stuff myself. Any one can do it. Just keep your eye open for something that tells how to get short stories accepted and you may be able to help me."—Chicago Post.

The oldest crown preserved among the royal regalia of Great Britain is that which was worn by Charles II, being made for him at his coronation in 1660.

A foot of common measure is equal to 30 centimeters or hundredths of a meter.

CLOTHES IMMORTAL.

Made So For Economizing People by a Gotham Industry.

It's easy to be a well dressed man nowadays. If one saves up his old clothes until he accumulates a few suits and then follows the example of his rich friends here, he will soon find out how they pose as howling swells at comparatively little outlay. It costs only $25 a year to look like a man who owns a valet, providing one has the costumes to start on. In a skyscraping structure a suit of sumptuous offices is occupied by the clerical staff of a concern which is engaged in keeping the clothes of some of our worthiest and most influential citizens in repair. A large factory down town, employing a small army of scourers, pressers and menders, is kept in constant operation, and the wagons of the company may be seen daily covering regular routes in the best parts of the city. So sensitive are the patrons of the concern, however, lest their economical proclivities become known to neighbors that nothing more than the ambiguous title of the firm is painted on the vehicle.

A lady with a pronounced French accent manages this part of the business. From her it was learned that a yearly subscription fee of $25, payable in advance, entitles any ordinary American citizen to membership in this concern, by means of which his clothes at least can jostle up against those of the Four Hundred. On paying the fee the members are entitled to all the services required to keep their wardrobe in repair and presentable condition. The chests are allotted to him, upon which his name and address are printed. One of these remains at his home, while the other is at the factory. Wagons call at the houses of patrons of the company twice a week, if necessary and collect the clothes which have been placed in the chest, at the same time leaving a chest full of clothes, carefully mended and pressed ready for wear. One young man who has been a patron of the novel establishment for some time says that it works like a charm, and his apparel bears out his statement. Of course the tailors, the old clothes gatherers and the servants who have strutted in the cast off garments of their masters don't like the innovation, but it is a necessity of the times. Keeping up appearance is a great business here, and this new clothes fixing scheme is a regular boon to lots of men who travel on shape and style. —New York Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

BIRDS OF ILL NATURE.

The Cruelty of Swans as Displayed Toward Other Fowls.

Among those birds which stay at home, especially the most domesticated, there is often an exhibition of unkindness seemingly unaccountable, says a writer in The Cornhill Magazine. The graceful swan, e. g., is one of the most ungracious in its ways. Not only (in the breeding season) does a male bird resent the intrusion of a strange gentleman, but it will spend the day in driving off from its domain any unlucky geese, which might be plainly assumed to have no designs upon its domestic arrangements and have, indeed, no desire beyond that for a comfortable wash and swim. It will also pursue even the most innocent of newborn ducklings while they unwittingly rejoice in an early taste of their common element.

When an only child has passed out of the cygnet stage of life and grown to full physical if not mental maturity, father and mother swans have been known to fall upon and deliberately beat it to death with wing and beak. The gratified parents swam gracefully about the mere in which they lived, while the great white corpse of their son lay, battered and dead, upon the shore. The following year, after another had been born to them and in infancy carried upon his mother's back, they began to treat him so roughly that, not being pinioned like them, he wisely flew away and we saw him no more. Curiously enough, geese which have experienced rudeness from swans in the lusty spring have been known to retaliate in the calmer autumn, when the fierceness of their enemy had become mitigated. I have seen a gander leap upon the back of a once arrogant swan and pound away at it in the full enjoyment of gratified revenge.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Thermometers.

At times of severe frost many persons not skilled in the use of thermometers report remarkably low temperatures. These are often due to the thermometric liquid having partly evaporated from the main column and condensed at the end of the tube farthest from the bulb, the thermometer then reading just as many degrees too low as there are degrees of spirit at the top of the tube. Good thermometers are just as liable to this error as common ones, and therefore every one using a spirit minimum thermometer must be on the alert. Generally the owner can restore the thermometer without sending it back to the maker. Grasp the thermometer firmly, resting a finger on the tube so that there be no vibration, and, holding the bulb downward, give several strong, pendulous swings. This will usually send the spirits from the top and send the index into the bulb. Stand the thermometer bulb downward for an hour, then reverse it and very gently shake the index out of the bulb and let it slide to the end of the column, when the thermometer will be as good as new.—New York Ledger.

Fly Feet.

The means by which a fly can creep up a pane of glass or walk on a ceiling have long been the subject of contention among scientists, some claiming that the fly foot is a sucker, others that adhesion is effected by the aid of a viscous fluid exuding from the foot, and others again that the fly walks by means of a ciliary apparatus which answers the purpose of a hook.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 12, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—E. H. Sothern in "An Enemy to the King."

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Miss Georgia Cayvan in "Squire Kate."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Lday Slavey."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed in "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"La Fille de Madame Angot."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

CUBA LIBRE!

Whatever may be the final result of the present desperate struggle in Cuba, there can be no disputing the fact that the patriot armies under Maceo are making a magnificent effort to free their beautiful island from Spanish rule. For nearly two years they have not only kept the largest and best armies which Spain has ever maintained in "the ever faithful isle" (?) at bay, but they have wrested about two-thirds of its area from her grasp, and in spite of the vigilance of our own government to prevent the sailing of vessels loaded with ammunition and crowded with men, and the constant activity of Spanish cruisers to prevent their landing, such expeditions are constantly bringing aid and comfort to the insurgents. Probably 100,000 men have been hurried from Spain to crush out the rebellion, but success is as far from her grasp as it was a year ago. A month since we were informed that Gen. Weyler was going to take the field in person to fight Maceo in his mountain stronghold, and end the war in one decisive battle. Well, with the usual pomp and circumstance of the Hidalgo, he sailed forth from Havana, found the insurgent camp, left 4,000 or 5,000 dead and wounded behind him, and found his way back to the safety and comfort of the Capital city again.

The astute Maceo prudently avoided a pitched battle, preferring to save the lives of his men, and allow the Spaniards to waste their energies among the rugged passes of the Sierras where the rebels could use every tree and rock as defences, from behind which deadly aim could be taken at the exposed royalists. Since the days of Rodrigo the Visigoth, the Spanish peasantry have been adepts in the art of guerilla fighting, as Napoleon's veterans found to their cost, and Weyler's regulars are now being taught that their safest policy is to keep inside of Havana under the shelter of the guns of Moro castle. Furious at his defeat, which he has been unable to conceal from the world, the infamous butcher Weyler is said to have expressed himself as follows as soon as he was beyond the reach of Maceo's sharpshooters:

"Affairs in Cuba have reached a state which disgraces civilization. During his recent visit to Havana, Gen. Weyler is said to have expressed the determination to exterminate all the Cubans in the province of Pinar del Rio not engaged as soldiers in the Spanish ranks, no matter how peaceful and harmless they appear. 'They must go to one side or the other,' he said, 'and neither women nor children will be spared, because these people, innocent as they look, act as spies for the insurgents in Pinar del Rio.' He said also that it was a necessity of war to destroy the whole province, burning every house which may be made a shelter for the insurgents, and every plantation which may give them food. 'The Spanish soldiers,' continued Weyler, 'have all their provisions from Havana, while the insurgents have to live on what they find in the country. Not a single animal, not even a rat, will be left to Maceo, if it can be helped. I will see who of us will hold out the longer, and if the Cubans like to call me Attila I will be an Attila.'"

In the meantime, while our people are unanimously in favor of intervening between the Spaniards and their victims, our cold-blooded President enjoys his hunting and fishing excursions and permits the bloody hurly burly to go on unrebuked. Rumor has it that before he goes out of office he will extend belligerent rights to the Cubans. If he does we will say, better late than never. If he does not we are sure President McKinley will lose no time in obeying the will of the people and their Congress. May the god of nations hasten the day of Cuban independence.

THE HYPOCRITE OF THE NATIONS.

Of all the vices which degrade mankind that of hypocrisy is the meanest and most detestable. "The wolf in sheep's clothing, stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," "whited sepulchres," and many other equally eloquent denunciations in sacred and profane writing describe the vile wretch who sins like a demon and poses before his fellows as an angel of light. What is true of individuals is true of nations, and especially of England. We have frequently pointed out to our readers that she and she alone is responsible for all the nameless crimes which her "ancient ally the Turk," has committed since 1878. In support of our position we quote the following from a series of articles, which are now being published in the daily press by H. H. Van-Meter. After giving in frightful detail the barbarous atrocities perpetrated on the unhappy Armenians, the eloquent writer says:

"The blame of these atrocities belongs upon the fiendish Turks alone, but the blood of their innocent victims must be upon those men who made and signed and ignored the treaty of Berlin. They began this Armenian agitation. After Russia had brought the bloody Turk to bay, they stepped in to protect and uphold him; they forced the treaty of Berlin upon Europe, and then betrayed their trust!"

Although we have recently given the history of England's nefarious conduct in this affair, we make no apology for again refreshing the memories of our readers. The Russian campaign of 1877 was drawing to a close. Trebisond, Erzeroum, Karz, Batoum and Plevna had fallen beneath the resistless blows of the Russian invaders. During a terrible winter campaign, in the midst of frost and snow, Gourko's troops forced the stubbornly defended passes of the Balkans, and the close of the year saw the Cossacks of the Don encamped in San Stefano on the sea of Marmora. Constantinople lay at the feet of the victorious Russians; the Sultan had played his last card, and the game was in the hands of his enemy. The world would soon be relieved of the presence of the beastly Turk, whose entire career has been one continuous scene of murder, lust, rapine and robbery ever since that fatal day in 1444 which is thus eloquently described by Hallam, in his "Middle Ages:"

"Every province was in turn subdued; every city opened her gates to the conqueror; the limbs were lopped off one by one; but the pulse still beat at the heart, and the majesty of the Roman name was ultimately confined to the walls of Constantinople. Before Mahomet II planted his cannon against them, he had completed every smaller conquest and deprived the expiring empire of every hope of succor or delay. It was necessary that Constantinople should fall, but the magnanimous resignation of her Emperor bestows an honor upon her fall which her posterity seldom earned. The long deferred but inevitable moment arrived, and the last of the Cæsars folded around him his imperial mantle and remembered the name which he represented in the dignity of heroic death."

And thus disappeared from earth the last shred of Imperial Rome, trampled down by the most fiendish horde of barbarians that ever blighted the fair face of humanity; their religion is lust and debauchery, their heroism is mere massacre, their statesmanship is a foul system of intrigue and murder, their dynasty is absolute tyranny "tempered by assassination." Such it has been, such it is, and such it will be until the last turbaned head is rolled in the bloody dust. But at last the conquest of Mahomet II was about to be reversed. The seraglios and human slaughter houses, the bow string and the gruesome sack, with its shrinking victims were about to be abolished, when hurrying to the rescue of her beastly ally, England's fleet passed the Dardanelles and flung itself between the victorious Russian and the prostrate Turk. Austria, ever trembling for the safety of her heterogeneous empire, seconded England's movement. Russia's hand was stayed, the treaty of Berlin was signed, Turkey was saved. England received for her pay the Isle of Cyprus, and before God and man England is guilty of the shedding of every drop of innocent Armenian blood which has been shed from that day to this. Let the world hold her responsible.

Lord Salisbury must have had the brutal English government in his mind when he gave utterance to the following truthful sentence: "Above all treaties, and above all combinations of external powers, 'the nature of things,' if you please, or the 'providence of God,' if you please to put it so, has determined that persistent and constant misgovernment must lead the government which follows it to its doom!"

For once in a lifetime we are in hearty accord with the British premier, and we earnestly hope that his idea may be realized by the speedy "doom" of the accursed nation whose "persistent and constant misgovernment" has aimed at the extermination of the Irish race. But who would have thought that the hoary headed old Tory could denounce his own piratical government? Wonders will never cease.

UNCONQUERED STILL.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land,
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing can withstand.
Alas that might can vanquish right,
They fell and passed away,
But true men like you men
Are plenty here today.

As the centennial of the last heroic struggle for Irish liberty draws near, "the memory of the dead" becomes more and more vivid in the hearts of our yet unconquered people. The passage of a hundred years has only served to render the heroic deeds of the peasant heroes of '98 more dear to our souls, and more worthy of our admiration. The names of Lord Edward, and Tone, and Orr, and Shears, the glorious Emmet, and all their brilliant compeers will live as long as Ireland lives. Such names were not born to die, and we need no stronger proof of this than the gallant conduct of the "boys of Kilkenny" in refusing to permit the flag of the English invader to be hoisted over the town hall in honor of Nelson and the battle of Trafalgar. Brave brothers in the City of the Confederation, your admiring kinsmen in free America send you fraternal greeting. Your superb conduct in defiance of the armed force of England's hirelings, your haughty contempt for her felon flag, and your fiery denunciation of her paltry minion who disgraces the good old Irish name of O'Leary, all show that the glorious spirit of Owen Roe and his fellow confederates yet lives and glows and burns in your heroic hearts.

You neither fear to speak of '98, nor blush when its name is spoken. You are the lineal descendants of the heroic men and saintly women who loved Ireland and her ancient faith far more dearly than they loved their lives, and were ever ready to sacrifice all the goods of earth for the priceless boon of Irish liberty. Gallant brothers, your intrepid conduct may be the opening scene in the great drama which may illustrate the closing years of the nineteenth century. Who knows what the centennial year of Wexford and Wicklow and New Ross may bring forth? Europe stands on the trembling crust of a volcano, from which an eruption of blood and fire may belch forth at any moment. The causa belli may be Turkey or Egypt or Alsace-Lorraine, but whatever it may be one thing is certain, there can be no European war which will not involve England, and the great momentous question for Irishmen is, will they be ready to spring upon the old enemy when the war drums are beating the general in the hostile camps of Europe.

If we needed any proof that love of Irish liberty, and its counterpart, hatred of English tyranny, yet exists in the dear old home, it has been given in unmistakable language in brave old Kilkenny, and it should be potent enough to arouse the Clan-na-Gael, the A. O. H. and every other Irish national organization in America to new life and action. Let us once more renew our vows of fidelity to Ireland and her holy cause, and assure our invincible brethern who are yet holding the fort that we will sustain them to the end in every manly effort they may make for Irish independence. Millions for arms but not one cent for petitions.

DEATH OF FATHER M'INCROW.

THE CITIZEN announces with unfeigned sorrow the sudden death, from heart disease, of the Rev. Father John P. McIncrow, which occurred at the parochial residence, Amsterdam, N. Y., on Nov. 24. Although a native of this country, having been born in Utica, N. Y., in 1847, Father McIncrow took quite as much interest in Irish National affairs as if he had been born in the old land. He was a clergyman of magnificent attainments and the most exemplary zeal. A man of superb physique, he looked as if he might easily have lived for fifty years more, but the fatal disease which smote him worked insidiously and came upon him with startling severity. In fact, he succumbed within a few hours after the first attack. He was, perhaps, the youngest surviving soldier of the Union army at the time of his death. He was ordained by the late Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, June 7, 1873, and became pastor of St. Mary's church, Amsterdam, in 1878.

Father McIncrow was one of the most learned and influential members of the diocese of Albany. He was one of the seven irremovable rectors, was a member of the diocesan board of examiners, and a member of the educational board. After the death of Bishop McNierney, he was prominently mentioned in connection with the appointment as his successor. He was always deeply interested in public and local affairs, and was active in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the city. He was one of the original trustees of the Amsterdam Savings Bank, in the success of which institution he had been prominent.

Father McIncrow is survived by four sisters, Mrs. John Maher, Mrs. E. Martin, Miss Johanna McIncrow and Miss Catharine McIncrow, and one brother, Counsellor Richard McIncrow, all of Utica.

Never in the history of Amsterdam, or the Mohawk Valley, for that matter, probably, says an exchange, have so many people paid tribute to one who has gone to his reward, as on the occasion of the lamented priest's funeral. St. Mary's church is the largest edifice in the city, but one of four times its size could not have accommaded the mourning throng that wished to be present at the services.

Bishop Burke, of Albany, celebrated a pontifical mass of requiem. The Very Rev. J. S. M. Lynch, D. D., L. L. D., M. R., of St. John's church, Utica, an old friend of Father McIncrow, delivered the eulogy, and said among other things:

"I feel unequal to the burden, yet feeble as my words may be, I feel that it is a sweet consolation to be allowed to perform the last ceremony over the remains of one whom I knew so well, and whose confidence I enjoyed during the whole of his pastoral life. Oh! my friends, Father McIncrow needs no praise from me. His best eulogy is the sorrow of those who mourn his loss. You may rear shafts of marble over his tomb, but the best monument will always be this church, with its complete and truly Catholic supporters."

Nearly every place of business in the central portion of the city was closed during the funeral, and many stores did not open at all during the day until after the last sad rites had been administered.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

However Irishmen may or may not differ with the incoming administration on its domestic policy, there can be but one on the necessity of a strong, vigorous American foreign policy. Twice during the present administration the people have spoken with wonderful unanimity on this subject; once in utter condemnation of Cleveland's timid policy of abandoning the freemen of Hawaii to the fury of a half barbarous half English queen, and voluntarily lowering (for the first time in our history) the American flag, and once in hearty approval when the president boldly announced the Monroe doctrine and gave England to understand that any attempt to enforce her unjust pretentions would be made at her peril. Had we abandoned Venezuela, England's land pirates, aided by the home government, would, long ago, have extended their conquests into territory to which they had not one shadow of right. If they have the courage they have also the cowardice of the bully. What we need most of all at the head of the State Department is a statesman like Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, whose splendid resolution, giving the Monroe doctrine the sanctity of law, was condemned by every British toady in America and approved by the rest of the people. It seems that there were enough of these toadies in the senate to prevent their passage.

THE Cubans refuse to believe in the death of Gen. Antonio Maceo, although the Spaniards officially announce it.

THE message of President Cleveland was tedious to a fault. In referring to the Cuban civil war he did not utter a sentiment that would receive the indorsement of the American people. He missed the opportunity of closing his administration in a blaze of glory.

THE first act of the McKinley administration should be the immediate recall of the crawling sycophant Bayard. Every day he remains in England, in an official capacity, increases our humiliation.

BAYARD was, we think, the only minister who was sternly rebuked by congress, but his skull had become so thickened by English adulation as to have rendered it impervious to anything less piercing than a surgical operation. One should have been performed on him.

DELAWARE is the smallest State in the Union, and she has produced the smallest creature that ever disgraced a foreign mission. No reflection on Delaware, however. Bayard does not represent her sentiments.

As nobody desires the return of Bayard it would be well for him to remain in England, but even she would have no use for him when he had lost the power of officially degrading his country.

MISS MARY WOODS extends an invitation to the members of the Gaelic League to a card party, to be held at her residence, 219 Walnut street, near Robey, on Friday evening, Dec. 18, at 8 o'clock. This will be the first of a series of social entertainments to be given occasionally by the members of the league.

IT is too soon yet to exult over the result of the Venezuelan arbitration. With a king acting as the balance of power we may hope for the best, but we fear for the worst. The outcome of the Behring Sea arbitration was so outrageously unjust as to make us very doubtful of such English methods. Blaine never would have submitted our undoubted right to arbitration. All that was needed in the premises was to refuse any settlement with Britain, and she would have succumbed as she always does when a strong power defies her.

BAYARD says he wants a permanent Anglo-American board of arbitration. That settles it. We don't want it.

BENEDICT ARNOLD was despised by the British after he had betrayed America, and Bayard will be spat up the moment his term of service is over. Such is always the doom of the traitor.

A LETTER FROM TYNAN.

His Thanks to France.

The following correspondence between Mr. P. J. P. Tynan and M. Lucien Millevoye, editor of La Patrie, and Ireland's generous friend in France, will explain itself:

NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1896.—Permit me, through the medium of La Patrie, to thank the generous press of France for its intercession in my favor, and to express at the same time my deep gratitude to the government and people of your magnificent country for the kind treatment of which I was the recipient during my imprisonment at Boulogne. To you personally, Sir, whom I had the pleasure of knowing before that event, I send my warmest expressions of everlasting friendship. The accident of which I was the victim for some weeks has at least contributed to increase the hope cherished in Irish hearts to see in the near future the triumph of their struggle for independence. My countrymen have been able to prove by this event the support given us by the French press.

Before terminating my letter permit me to acquaint you with the sentiments that at present animate all Irish hearts. They all wish most ardently that the contemplated union between France and Russia will have the most glorious results for the sake of oppressed humanity. They all wish that when Ireland has taken the place among the nations, which is hers by right, that her children will become the most valiant champions of the sacred cause of progress. They hope, too, that when the happy hour of their deliverance comes that chivalrous France will remember Ireland, whose sons have often shed their blood in battle for your country. Receive, Dear M. Millevoye, my sincere friendship,

PATRICK J. P. TYNAN.

M. MILLEVOYE'S REPLY.

LA PATRIE, 12 Rue du Croissant, PARIS, Nov. 19, 1896.—*Dear Mr. Tynan:* We are most deeply touched by the sentiments you have expressed in regard to the close and intimate union between Ireland and France, consecrated in history by so many heroic acts that even today stand as a great and consoling truth. The deliverance of your country is one of the most ardent desires of our hearts. The hour set by God for the triumphs of that sacred cause will have the support and warmest wishes of all the patriots of France.

Most sincerely yours,
L. MILLEVOYE.

DR. CONATY ON IDEAL AMERICANISM

(Cath. Protest Review, St. Louis).

The appointment of the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty to succeed Bishop Keane as Rector of the Catholic University at Washington gives special interest to an address that he delivered the other day on the subject of Ideal Americanism. According to a summary published in the Globe-Democrat, he contended that it is not to particular examples, significant as they are, but to the general character of the people, that we must look for this important quantity. Our heroes and leaders are all very well in their way and worthy of praise and honor, but they are the exceptions which serve to emphasize certain qualities, and not the representatives of our national life in its best average manifestation. This average condition of intelligence and virtue, he affirms, is the true test, the highest expression, of our philosophy of citizenship, and we have every reason to regard it with gratification and confidence. It is not perfect, to be sure, but it is trustworthy in all emergencies, as has been well demonstrated, and its controlling tendencies are in the direction of constant improvement, without any deviation into doubtful or dishonorable paths. There is generous devotion in it to good causes, together with a strong sense of responsibility, and capacity for any required sacrifice in time of peril and in defense of right and justice.

We have just passed through a serious contest in our national affairs, Father Conaty points out, and the lesson of the result is a striking and inspiring one. There were many who looked at the struggle with sad forebodings, and wondered if the repeated European predictions of the failure of popular suffrage at a critical moment were about to be fulfilled. But we know now that there was not the least cause for such misgiving. The early declaration of Samuel Adams, "The people can be trusted with their own," was made good as it has been many times before. They had a very difficult matter presented to them, the kind of a question that in the countries across the sea is given over by common consent to the experts; but it did not baffle them and was not decided in any wild and wanton way. They studied it closely, freed it from its besetting technicalities, and voted upon it with a distinct understanding of the vital facts that it involved. That was ideal Americanism, which is to say that it was an assertion of the general intelligence and morality of the land. It proved that the people in the aggregate were equal to a new and grave occasion; and they were practically their own leaders in the case, as they are always apt to be under such circumstances.

There is in this impressive event, this repetition of our history, as Father Conaty maintains, a new illustration of the supreme fact that in our republic, as it has never been in any other, men possess liberty not as a gift, but as an inherent right, and that this right of individual liberty makes the power of the State instead of being made by it. Therefore, he urges, it is all-important to avoid the placing of class against class, to prevent the generation of dissensions and animosities in any of the relations of society. The great thing is for all citizens to stand together in loyalty to the government and in full recognition of the equality of vested rights and privileges. There must be controversies, of course. We can not all agree in our opinions as to doctrines and policies, and it is not desirable that we should, for that would imply stagnation. But we can settle our disputes in a spirit of good-fellowship and with a common desire to secure the greatest advantage for the greatest number. We can be, as Father Conaty says, "many of religious faith and political affiliation, but one in citizenship, loving liberty, protecting it in ourselves and seeing that others protect it in their lives also; and thus we shall have the true ideal Americanism."

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Two years have come and gone since President Dillon took hold of the presidential reins of the Irish-American Lyceum, with a modest but earnest group of members ready to follow his advice, and do their part in promoting the worthy objects outlined in the constitution. Two years of faithful, earnest performance of duty, and unwavering fidelity to principle, have won for the Lyceum patrons and well wishers in all parts of the city, while its sphere of usefulness and acknowledged utility crosses the borders of many state lines, thanks to the kindness of THE CITIZEN and New World. The re-election of Mr. Wm. Dillon as president, and of Mr. Thomas J. Sherlock prove that the members appreciate faithful service, and are not unmindful of past work.

At 8:30 o'clock the president called the meeting to order, and announced the initial number on the musical programme, which was a vocal solo by the popular favorite of many societies, Mr. T. F. McCue. It was in the same excellent style that has won for Mr. McCue praise and admiration from more pretentious, though scarcely more appreciative audiences than that of the Lyceum. Encores came fast and furious. Miss Nellie McKeown, who has also won her way to the hearts of her listeners by merit as well as by her charming personality and unassuming ways, also gave a vocal solo, to which her sister played a piano accompaniment. Her "minstrel" song as an encore was a beautiful representation of one of the phases of "de ole massah's" existence.

Little Miss Jessie Noxon, a bright, talented and juvenile elocutionist from the South Side, instilled a spirit of jollity and mirth into her audience by her splendid delivery of "The Cause of Education." There is ever that fascination attached to a song or recitation from children which makes the most sedate become emotional and impulsive, and Miss Noxon's efforts were no exception. Reserved bachelors (there are a few bachelors in the Lyceum), developed signs of life when the child prodigy was called back by a vociferous encore, and gave evidence of being susceptible to her beautifully dramatic gesticulations.

After the termination of the musical programme, President Dillon introduced the speaker of the evening, Maj. William C. McClure. The genial and affable major spoke on "Ireland, Past and Present," and few there are, who are more capable of doing justice fully to such a subject than Maj. McClure. He graphically told of Ireland's condition in the past, of the annihilation of her industries, of the abolishment of her manufactories, of the suppression of her natural resources, of the terrible disproportion of taxes she was obliged to pay to church and state, and of the many other results of British misrule. He told of her progress against fearful odds, of the fealty of her exiled children, and of her devotion to the faith so peculiarly her own. He spoke of the untold treasures and undeveloped mines of wealth that today are found in almost every part of the Emerald Isle, but which the English government forbid to be opened or used. He wound up by giving a most favorable opinion of the impressions made on him during his visit to Ireland this summer, and told many glad tales of his journeys through his native country.

The election of officers was proceeded with after the termination of the major's address, and resulted in the unanimous election of the following: Mr. William Dillon, editor New World, re-elected president; John J. Sherlock, vice-president; P. B. Flanagan, treasurer; Thos. J. Sherlock, re-elected secretary.

The newly-elected officers suitably thanked their electors, and assured them that they would work in future as in the past, with the best interests of the Lyceum at heart; and hoped that the coming year would be as replete with glory and credit to the members as was the year just ended, and that the termination of another year would find them all still in the ranks, promoting and perpetuating the elevating motto of the Lyceum: "Educate that you may be free."

Owing to the regular meeting of the Lyceum being on Christmas Eve. this month, the secretary has made arrangements to have the meeting held on Friday evening, Dec. 18, so as to give those who would attend a chance to "hang up their stockings for old Santa Claus," and prepare themselves for their Christmas feast. The meeting will be held as usual in the Oxford building, 77 Thirty-first street, near Cottage Grove avenue, and will open at 8:30 o'clock. Those wishing to participate either in the musical or literary part of the programme should communicate with the secretary previous to the meeting, so that proper arrangements may be made in this respect. A programme of the usual high class will be provided, and a very full house is anticipated. Tickets of admission furnished free on application to the secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 194 Dearborn avenue, Chicago.

J. J. S.

"My Little Boy had a severe cough and was sick nearly all winter, and we began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla. He gained in flesh and continued to improve until he was perfectly well."—Mrs. Mary Meyer, 1208 West Sixteenth street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

BY P. T. M'G.

I will not preach the sword tonight,
Though glorious is its gleaming,
And wielded in the cause of right
Its flash is freedom's beaming;
Nor hatred of our English foe
Whose malice still pursues us,
Who deals us many a coward blow,
Nor ceases to abuse us.

But I will teach fraternal love,
The love that helps a brother;
Let us in every action prove
Our love for one another.
We each can give if nothing more
A friendly smile or token,
Perhaps 'twill heal a heart that's sore
That otherwise had broken.

And let us learn our brother's needs
And try improve his station;
Our timely help may be the seeds
Whose growth shall make a nation.
Here exiles torn from the breast
Of our dear island mother;
We'll help that suffering mother best
By helping one another.

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF MRS. M. J. VAN PELT.

Mrs. Margaret Jane Van Pelt, who died on Friday, Nov. 4, at Mercy Hospital, was buried last Monday morning at Calvary cemetery. Mrs. Van Pelt was a resident of Chicago for nearly forty years, moving here from Missouri in 1858. She was 65 years of age. She was taken to Mercy Hospital fourteen months ago, afflicted with a cancer, which finally caused her death. Solemn high mass was performed in the hospital chapel by Rev. John Bowen. Rev. John Meldoy acted as deacon and Rev. James Scanlan as subdeacon. The funeral address was delivered by Rev. D. J. Riordan. Mrs. Van Pelt leaves her husband, Henry Van Pelt, and four children, Rev. H. G. Van Pelt, L. J., J. T. and C. D. Van Pelt, all of this city.

HON. PATRICK MAGUIRE.

The Hon. Patrick Maguire, the distinguished Democratic political leader of Boston, died at his resinence in Roxbury, on Nov. 28. He had been suffering from inflammatory rheumatism for some days previously, and on Nov. 25 sustained a paralytic shock, which ultimately caused his death.

Patrick Maguire was born in County Monaghan, Ireland, Dec. 5, 1838, and came to America with his parents when a child. His youth was passed in Charlottetown, P. E. I., and while there he learned the printer's trade in the Gazette office. His first employment in ston was as a newspaper compositor. worked on several newspapers be- 1852 1859. After leaving the ked in the real estate ich he continued until with sound judgment, mercial integrity he was eminently successful. For many years he has been the real estate expert for the Union Institution for Savings.

Another of his successful enterprises was the establishment in 1882 of the Republic, a weekly paper, of whom he was the owner, publisher and editor from the first issue until his death.

Mr. Maguire has been a recognized leader of the Democratic party, not only in Boston, but in the State for many years. The same qualifications which made him successful in business made him a power in politics. For a generation he was a member of the Democratic city committee. He held but two public offices. He was a member of the Executive council in 1883, 1884 and 1885. For three years he was a member of the Boston Park Commission. He was elected a member of the Democratic city committee in 1882. He served for three years as president of the committee.

His political power has been many times threatened, and the battles for supremacy have often been fiercely and bitterly waged, but Mr. Maguire was uniformly the victor.

Mr. Maguire was a member of the Roxbury club, the Charitable Irish society, the Press club, the New England club and the Catholic Union. He was one of the original members also of the old Emmet Debating club. He had much sympathy with Ireland's cause, and had always done much toward the advancement of the Home Rule movement.

Mr. Maguire leaves a daughter and two sons, Robert, a deputy sheriff, and Frank, who was associated with him in the real estate business.

The funeral of Mr. Maguire took place on Tuesday, Dec. 1, from St. Joseph's church.—Boston Pilot.

Miss Bessie Macdonald.

Miss Bessie Macdonald, of Chicago, now singing with the Royal Carl Rosa company, and claimed in Ireland as Irish and in Scotland as Scotch, receives the following notice in a Glasgow paper regarding a recent appearance there as Marguerite in "Faust:"

"Miss Macdonald is not only new to the company, but she is also new to the operatic stage. This fact one gathers from her years, not from her deportment, for Miss Macdonald comports herself so naturally that one can trace nothing savoring of the debutant. Indeed, as a matter of fact, her stage appearances are characterized by ease, intelligence and a native charm of manner. Miss Macdonald made her first Glasgow appearance on Thursday as Arline in the 'Bohemian Girl,' and immediately won golden opinions for herself; but it was in the trying role of Marguerite in Gounod's 'Faust' that she electrified her audience and established her position as a prima donna of the foremost rank. Handsome, and, above all, being very young, she looked the actual heroine. As a vocalist Miss Macdonald has been well trained, and she sang the music faultlessly, proving that she has a voice of great flexibility and of considerable compass, the upper register being especially pure, sweet, powerful and sympathetic. The management is fortunate in the discovery of such a gifted young lady, and it may be safely conceded that if Miss Macdonald, a girl of 20 or so, with no stage training, can do so much, a great future is in store for her at no distant date."—Tribune. [Miss Macdonald was born in Chicago of Irish parents.]

SEVENTH INFANTRY NOTES.

In accordance with Special Order No. 169, an election for First Lieutenant of Co. D was held at the Armory on Thursday evening, Nov. 3, Capt. M. Duhig presiding. Private P. F. Holden nominated First Sergt. Edward J. White. Sergt. P. J. Curry, of Co. B, was nominated by Private John McGrath. The result of the ballot showed Sergt. White elected.

Lieut. White has had a long experience in military training. When quite young he belonged to a cadet company organized by the Rev. E. A. Kelly. He enlisted in the First Regiment, I. N. G., in May, 1891, where he was a non-commissioned officer in Co. H, and won a silver medal for eighty consecutive drills, also a sharpshooters' medal. He got a transfer to Co. D, Seventh Regiment, in December, 1894, and was appointed First Sergeant last August. He was also Adjutant, with the rank of Captain, of the Uniform Rank, C. O. F., which, owing to studies, he resigned Nov. 20 last. Lieut. White is the drill instructor of St. Anne's Temperance Zouaves, who, with only three months' drill, carried off the honors at the late competition at the Second Regiment armory, defeating the Holy Name, Father Mathew, Annunciation and other cadet companies. They have a standing challenge to any cadet company in the United States. Col. Kavanaugh, Capt. Thomas Ford and the Rev. D. Mahoney were the judges, and complimented Lieut. White very highly. Last July Col. Kavanaugh, noticing his extraordinary military genius, offered him the position of Adjutant of the Seventh Regiment, which he could not accept on account of pressure of business. He is president of the Non-Commissioned Officers Association of the Seventh Regiment. Lieut. White is employed in the office of the Chicago City Railway Company, and is attending the law department of Lake Forest University. Co. D and the Seventh Regiment ought to be proud of him, he is a crenit to the Irish-American people of Chicago.

J. McG.

MR. REDMOND'S LECTURE.

JOHN E. REDMOND, M. P., the brilliant orator in the British parliament, distinguished man of letters and the favorite lieutenant of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, has been engaged by F. Wight Neumann for one lecture at Central Music Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 29. His subject will be "Fifteen Years in the British Parliament." It will be strictly nonpolitical, noncontroversial, with sketches of Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright, Parnell, Lord Randolph Churchill, Balfour and others.

St. Vincent's Infant Asylum.

The annual pound party at St. Vincent's Infant Asylum took place last Thursday from 2 to 9 o'clock. The following ladies served on the various committees:

Reception committee—Mesdames D. B. Scully, ... Amberg, J. Trainor, A. McKay, Z. P. Brosseau, J. B. Inderrieden, J. Cudahy, James Walsh, Misses T. Lynch, A. E. O'Malley, A. Mullen, M. G. Murphy, A. Bradley, A. Sheahan, S. O'Byrne.

Flower booth—Misses Cecelia Cudahy, Adelaide Walsh, Clara Dore, Mildred Walsh, Carrie Peters, Daisy Devine, Mrs. Fiklin.

Tea table—Mrs. Dunlevy, Mrs. Quinn, Misses J. Tierney, K. Ratty, D. Loftus, Murphy.

Candy table—Mrs. La Bounte, Mrs. Rogers, Misses Frances Heaney, Anna Ratty, M. Gilmartin.

Fancy table—Mrs. P. H. Heffron, Misses Sullivan, M. Byrne, Alice Ratty.

Doll booth—Misses Virginia Inderrieden, Marie Inderrieden, Marion Sullivan, Mary Gilman, Dot Gilman, Mildred Cavanaugh, Mrs. Casey.

Grab bag—Misses Hummelshine, Clifford, Rogers, Shiel.

Ice cream—Mrs. W. P. Henneberry, Miss Henneberry, Miss Kerwin.

Reception and Ball.

Don't forget that on Saturday evening, Dec. 12, "The Mulligan Guards," Co. F Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., will give a reception and ball at the armory, corner of Lake street and Michigan avenue. An exhibition drill will be given during the evening. Tickets 50 cents; military men in uniform 25 cents.

CAPT. J. J. SISK, Commanding.

County Democrats.

The following is a complete list of the officers of the Cook County Democracy declared elected last Sunday: President, John Powers; Vice-President, South Side, William E. Quinn; Vice-President, North Side, Robert E. Burke; Vice-President, West Side, M. A. La Buy; Recording Secretary, James J. Gray; Financial Secretary, A. J. Sabath; Treasurer, William J. Fortune; Marshal, James H. Farrell; Chairman Executive Committee, Miles J. Devine; Members Executive Committee, North Side, John H. Sullivan, Henry G. Herbert, Peyton E. Shirley; South Side, Jas. Cummings, Sol. Van Praag, Wm. J. O'Brien; West Side, Miles J. Devine, James R. Pyne, John H. Dullard, D. G. Moore; Country towns, Thos. Kerwin, T. J. Powers; Quartermaster, Dennis Galvin; Assistant Quartermaster, John J. Hoeger; Sergeant-at-Arms, August Schweim.

Twenty-five Years in Building.

The St. Columbkill's church, which was begun in 1871, will soon be completed at a total cost of $175,000 for the main structure and attendant buildings. Plans for the two towers to complete the edifice have been made by Hill & Waltersdorf. The west, or corner, tower will be 175 feet high and the east tower will extend 143 feet above the sidewalk. They will be built of Lemont limestone, with Bedfora trimmings, to conform to the present structure, and will have copper-domed roofs. The edifice is Renaissance in architecture, and the towers will conform to the body of the structure.

The church is located at Grand avenue and Paulina street. It was begun in 1871, and was in course of erection during the great fire. Operations were stopped after the basement walls were finished and temporarily roofed over. It remained in this condition until 1874, when the walls were carried up and roofed to conform to Architect Bauer's plans. Elaborate frescoing, costing $10,000, was completed five years ago. A twelve-room schoolhouse, built in 1884, occupies the north end of the lot on the Rumsey street side. In 1888 the brothers' house was built, directly north of the church on Paulina street. The land has a frontage of 272 feet on Grand avenue and of 30) feet on Paulina street. The Rev. Thomas Burke is pastor of the church, a position he has held for the last thirty years.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Sonn

(LEANTA).

"Beir buaidh agus beannacht a righ Féinne," ar Conán, "is buadhach meamhair-bhéalach binn-bhriathrach chanas tú, agus abair liom anois créad fá n-abarthar 'oidheacht Fhinn go teach Chuanna?'"

"A deara a fhirinne sin riot, a Chonáin," ar Fionn. "Oisin, Caoilte, Mac Lúghaidh, Diarmuid O'Duibhne, agus mise; aon do laethibh dhúinn ar mhullach Chairn Feargaill, gairid ó Luimneach amach; agus ár g-cúig g-coin, eadhon, Bran, Sgeolaing, Sear Dubh, Luath Luachair, agus Anuaill; nior chian dúinn go bh-facamar athach ath-gharbh árd-mhór chugainn, agus gabhal iarrainn re na sis aige, agus muc ag agréachadh i n-giaic na gaibhle; agus inghion óg aontughadh iona dhiaigh ag aguabadh an athaigh roimpe. 'Neach uainn d'á n-agallmhadh súd,' ar mise. Ghaisios Diarmuid O'Duibhne iona n-diaigh, agus nior chinn orra. Eirighim-si lar sin, agus an triúr eile bhi am' fhochair i n-diaigh Dhiarmada agus an athaigh, agus rugamar ar Dhiarmuid, agus nior chinn sinn ar an athach ná ar an inghion; dír do fearadh ceó doilbhthe draoigheachta eidir sinn agus iad, go nár bh-feas dúinn cá conair ionar ghabh siad: agus féachain d'á d-tugas seacham (far n-glanadh do'n chéo) do chonnarc teac conuill cinn-éadtrom ós imioll an átha am' fhogus; do chuadhmar ann san teach, agus do bhi faitheche rómhainn agus dá thlobraid uirri, eadhon, tlobruid diobh agus easgair ath-gharbh iarnuidhe ar a bhruach: agus easgair úmha ar bhruach an tlobraid eile; agus is é bhi istigh ar ar g-cionn, óglaoch fíor-aosda fionn-liath ag leath-ursainn an doruis d'ár láimh dheis; agus inghion óg álainn iona suidhe iona fhochair; agus athach mór ainmhin ath-gharbh ar bhruach teine ag bruthadh muice; agus sgológ donnliath do'n leath eile do'n teine agus dá shúil déag iona cheann, agus dá mbac imreasáin déag i n-gach súil diobh; agus do bhi reithe istigh agus bolgán geal aige agus ceann cíor-dubh ar, agus dá adharc dubh-ghorm aige, agus ceithre cosa uaithne faol; agus do bhi caitleach i n-iarthar an tighe agus ionar oghar-ghlas uimpe; agus ni raibh do bhuidhean san teach acht sin; agus fáilte rómhainn ag óglaoch na leath-ursan: agus do shuidheadhmair a g-cúlgear ar urlár na bruighne agus ár g-cúig g-coin maillerinn. 'Deantar úmhal-fhosaigh d'Fhionn mhic Cúmhaill,' ar óglaoch na leath-ursan, 'agus d'á mhuintir.' 'Fáth liom,' ar an t-athach, 'neach d'iarraidh athchuinnidhe agus gan a bheag no a mhór do dhéanamh ar de,' gidheadh d'éirghidh iona sheasamh agus do rinne úmhal-fhosaigh dúinn."

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Cenn-Sleibhe.

"Win victory and blessings, O Fenian king," said Conan, "it is with clear memory and sweet words you relate these things. Tell me now the meaning of the bye-word, 'the hospitality of Fionn in the house of Cuanna.'"

"I will tell you the truth concerning that, O Conan," said Fionn. "Oisin, Caoilte, Mac Lughaidh, Diarmuid O'Duibhne, and I myself happened one day, above all other days, to be on the summit of Carn Feargall: we were accompanied by our five hounds, namely, Bran, Sceolaing, Sear Dubh, Luath Luachar, and Anuaill. We had not been long there when we perceived a rough, tall, huge giant approaching us. He carried an iron fork upon his back, and a grunting hog was placed between the prongs of the fork; a well-favored young girl followed and forced the giant on his way before her. 'Let some one go forward and accost those (people),' said I. Diarmuid O'Duibhne followed but did not overtake them. The other three and I started up, and followed Diarmuid and the giant. We overtook Diarmuid, but did not come up with the giant or the girl; for a dark, gloomy, druidical mist showered down between us and them, so that we could not discern what road they took. When the mist cleared away, we looked around us, and discovered a light-roofed, comfortable-looking house, at the edge of the ford near at hand. We proceeded to the house, before which spread a lawn upon which were two fountains; at the brink of the one fountain lay a rude iron vessel, and a vessel of bronze at the brink of the other. Those we met in the house were, an aged hoary-headed man standing by the door-jamb to the right hand, and a beautiful maid sitting before him; a rough, rude, huge giant before the fire, busily cooking a hog; and an old man at the other side of the fire, having an iron-grey head, while the twelve sons (germs) of discord beamed in every eye of them: there was also in the house a ram with a white belly, a jet-black head, dark-blue horns, and green feet; and there was in the end of the house a hag covered with a dark ash-colored garment: there were no persons in the house except these. The man at the door-post welcomed us; and we five, having our five hounds with us, sat down on the floor of the *bruighin*. 'Let submissive homage be done to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, and to his people,' said the man at the door-post. 'My case is that of a man begging a request, but obtaining neither the smaller nor the greater part of it,' said the giant; nevertheless he rose up and did respectful homage to us."

(LE SHEITH LEANTA).

Irving Theatre.

At last the big residence district of the West Side has a theatre, and really a theatre to be proud of, for the old People's Institute building has been taken by some enterprising West Side people, and the result has been a re-christened theatre under the title of the Irving, and the inauguration of a high class vaudeville entertainment of so elevated a nature that the people of the West Side who, under no circumstances patronize the conglomerate entertainments offered by the down-town vaudeville houses, are flocking to the playhouse at Van Buren and Leavitt streets at each of the four performances given each week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, with the children's special matinee Saturdays, at which the prices for children are only 10 cents for the best seat in the house. The opening, and the evenings following, have been successful beyond anticipation, and a most excellent bill is presented at every performance, including Amet's Magniscope, with its beautiful animated photographs, and a host of other attractions.

Div. 31, A. O. H.

President P. C. Desmond will marshal his forces on Friday night, Dec. 18, at Apollo hall, corner of Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, in the initial attempt of Div. 31 to make their mark in the world of society. The following staff of efficient officers will be at the helm with brother Desmond, and their presence ought to be an assurance that the proverbial marriage bell will not be any merrier than their crowd on next Friday night: P. C. Desmond, president; J. O'Neill, vice-president; L. O. Fitzpatrick, recording secretary; A. Maguire, financial secretary; P. Kennedy, treasurer; T. Murphy, sentinel; Richard Byrnes, sergeant-at-arms; A. J. Malone, chairman standing committee; Peter Hughes, marshal. The division is a comparatively new addition to the A. O. H. ranks in Cook county, and the members look to the brothers of neighboring divisions to attend on Friday evening and participate in the many good things the "gods" will provide, as well as to ensure the success of the ball.

The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

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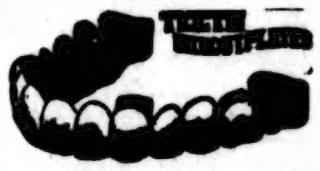
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COOK COUNTY—ss. In the County Court of Cook County. All parties interested are hereby notified that on the 8th day of December, A. D. 1896, William Bradley and J. B. Wilming, of Evanston, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, by their deed of assignment of that date duly recorded in the office of the County Clerk of said county, assigned and transferred to me as Assignee all their property, real and personal, for the benefit of their creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning voluntary assignments. You are further notified and requested to present your claims, if any you may have against the said William Bradley and J. B. Wilming, under oath or affirmation to me at my office, Room 34, 90 LaSalle-st., City of Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date.

HENRY D. BAKER, Assignee.
Chicago, Dec. 9, 1896.
McCallum & Flanagan, Attorneys.

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